THE BOY FRIENDS

Pendulum

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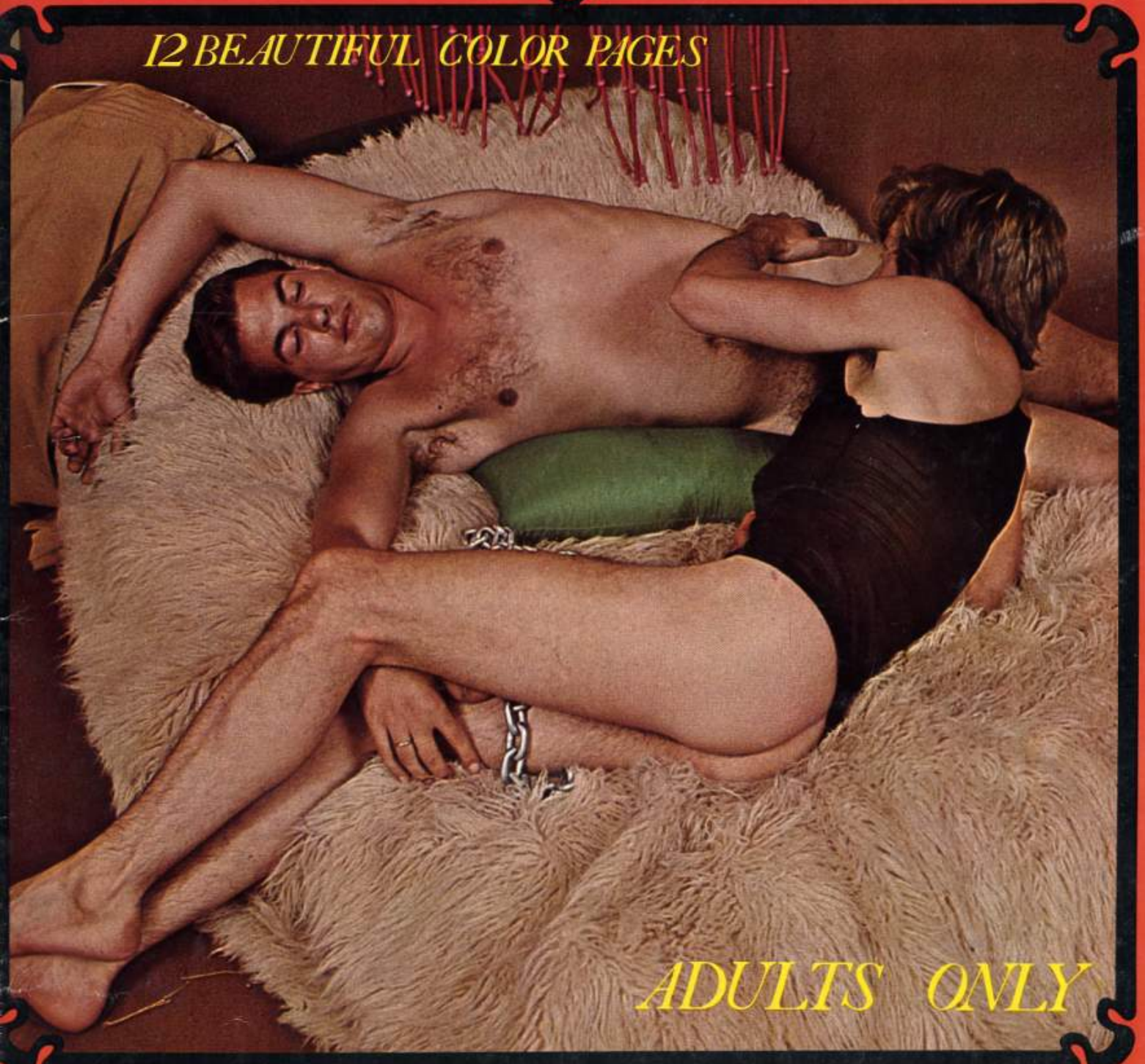

ADULTS ONLY

THE BOY FRIENDS

Pendulum

FEATURES

HARD TIMES
HOMOS AND LEZOS–DISTINCTIONS AND COMPARISONS (article)
PLUSH PAD
HERCULES UNCHAINED
UNFRIENDLY PERSUASION (fiction)
BODY BUILDER
WELCOME TO WILBUR'S WATERCLOSET
THE WEIGH-IN

MAY./ JUNE 1971

Published quarterly by Pendulum Publishers, Inc., P.O. Box 35163, Los Angeles, Calif. for mature adults . . . as a pictorial representation of phases and mores of our contemporary society.

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•••••••• EDITORIAL ••••••••

Recently, there has been a wave of activity in support of eliminating the laws against homosexuality in America. Several different groups have taken to the streets, picketing in favor of rights for homosexuals. Such groups, with such aims, are hardly new, but it is new that they have gone as far as to demonstrate in their own behalf and that they have been able to get so many men out at the demonstrations.

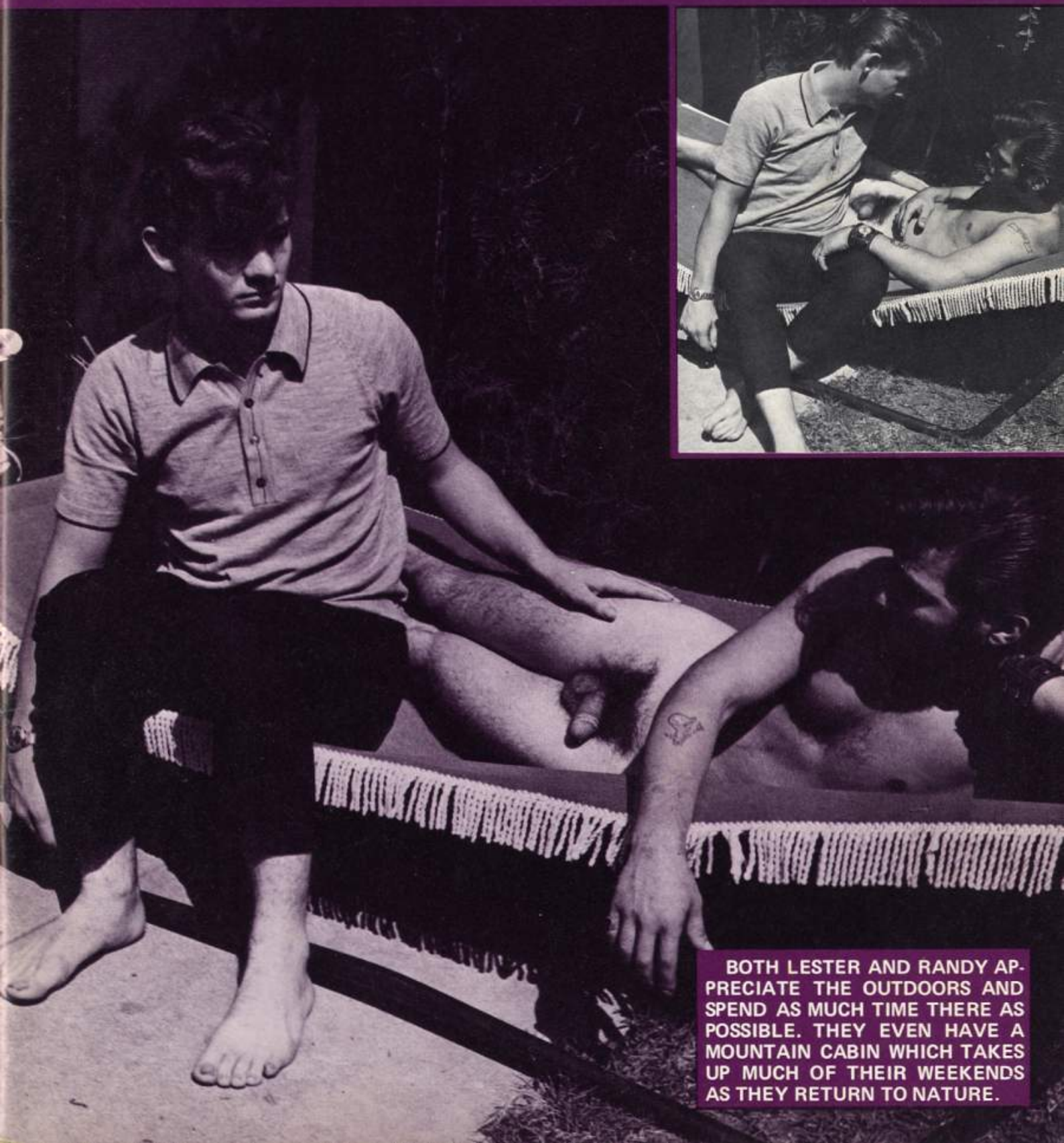
Part of the reason for this upswing in protest against discrimination towards homosexuals may be the recent legislation legalizing homosexuality among consenting adults in England. The law in turn caused a statement to be issued by a powerful group of California attorneys in which they took the stand that we should do the same thing the British have just done.

Perhaps women's liberation has unwittingly been responsible as well. With women taking to the streets for their rights as they have done at no time since they were fighting for suffrage, male homosexuals might have been piqued into joining them. Could it be that the end result will be a new and stronger measure of freedom for all Americans?

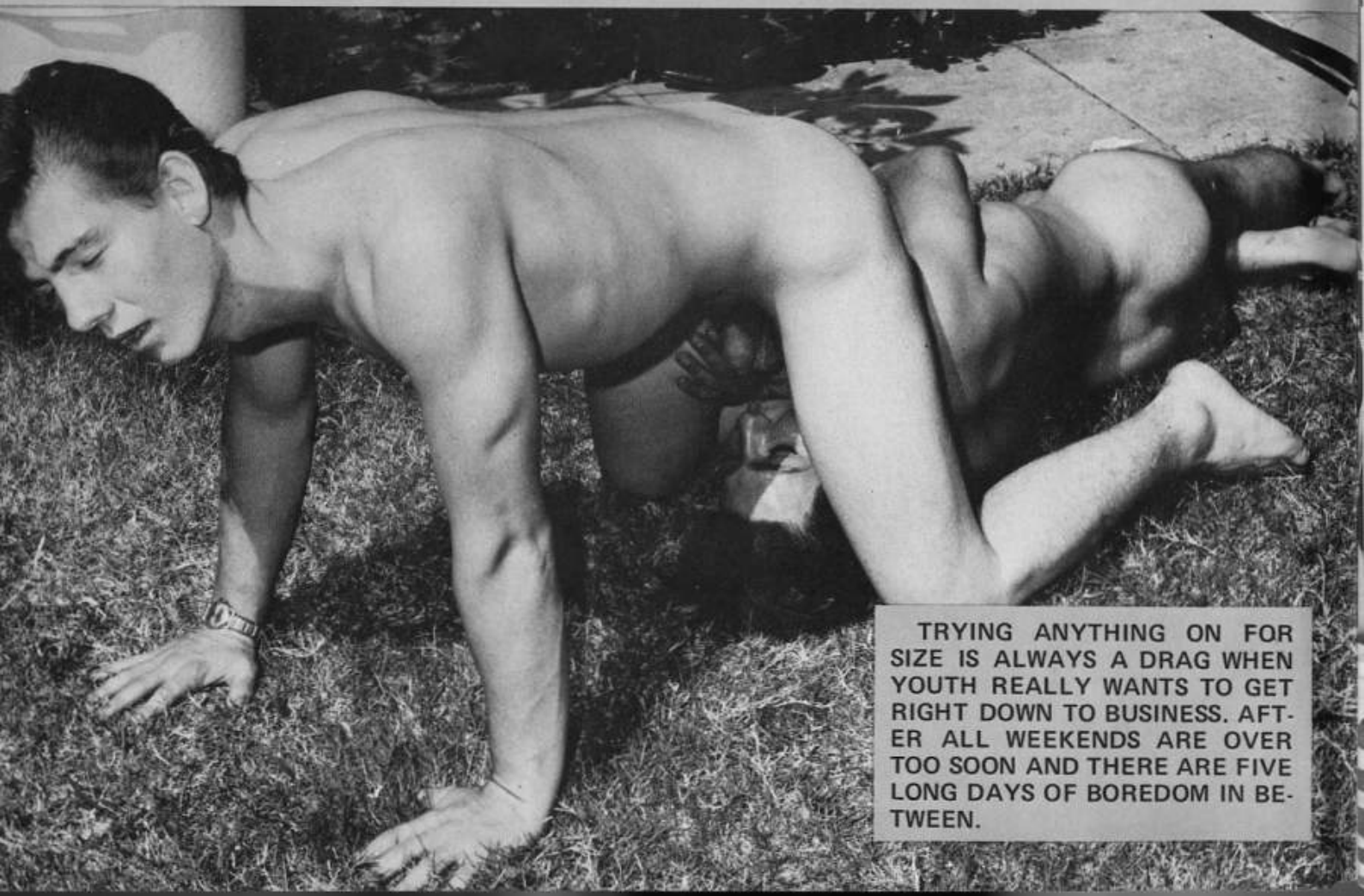
••••••••••••••••••••••••••

The president's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography has found that the law "is not the only or necessarily the most effective way" to deal with pornography. The report recommends a massive and extensive sex education program to blunt the American's taste for smut and to forge an informed public consensus on the problem. This publication is published with the intention of disseminating all types of information concerning sexual mores and erotica for those mature adults who might be interested in furthering their own sex education and in helping themselves attain a more informed and rewarding sexual relationship.

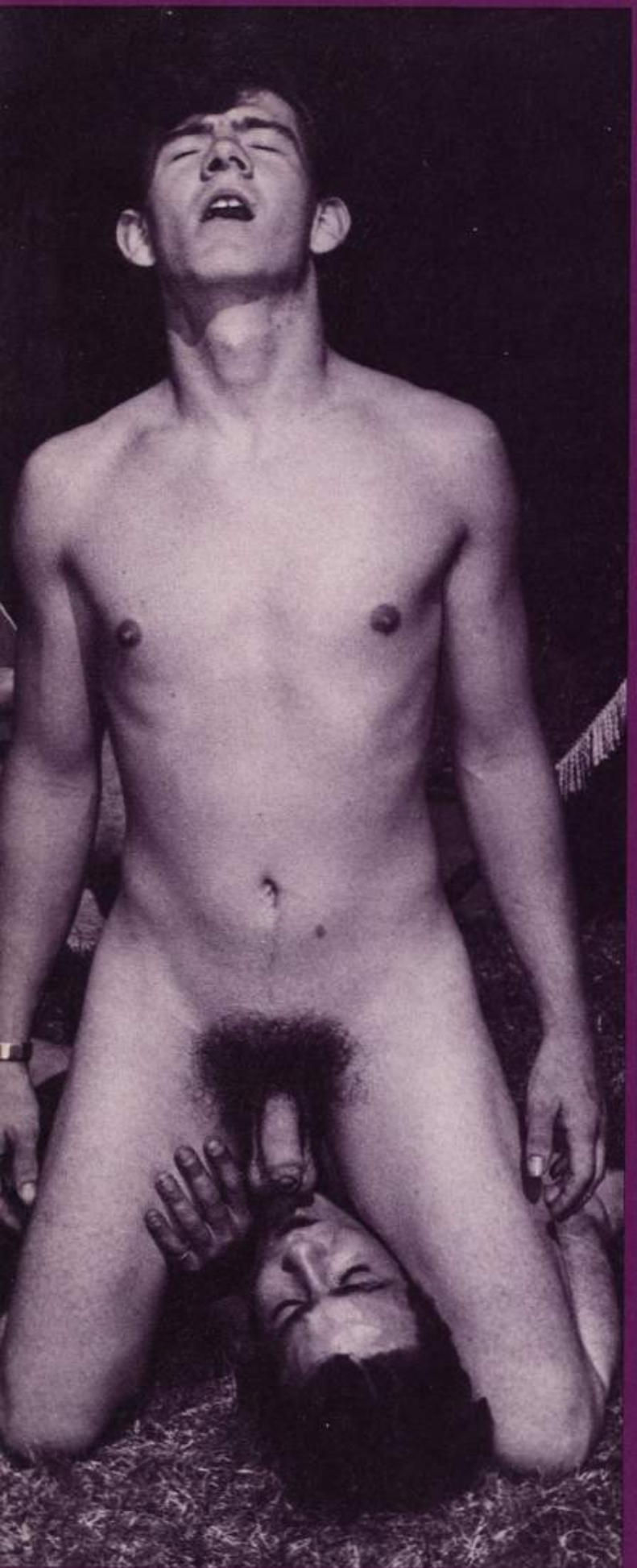
"HARD TIMES"



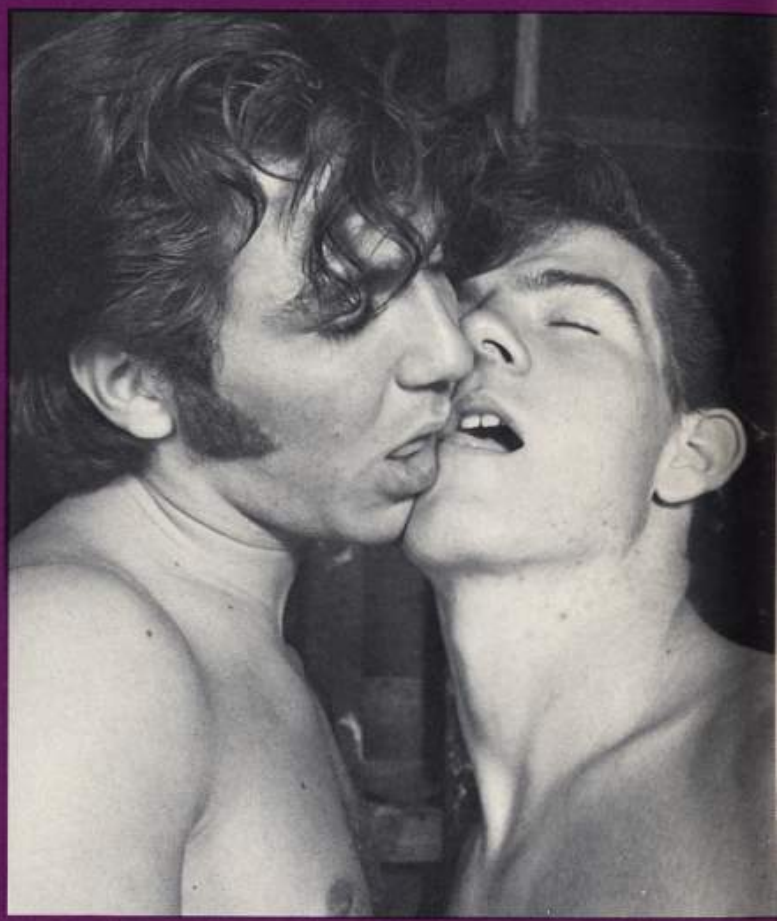
BOTH LESTER AND RANDY APPRECIATE THE OUTDOORS AND SPEND AS MUCH TIME THERE AS POSSIBLE. THEY EVEN HAVE A MOUNTAIN CABIN WHICH TAKES UP MUCH OF THEIR WEEKENDS AS THEY RETURN TO NATURE.



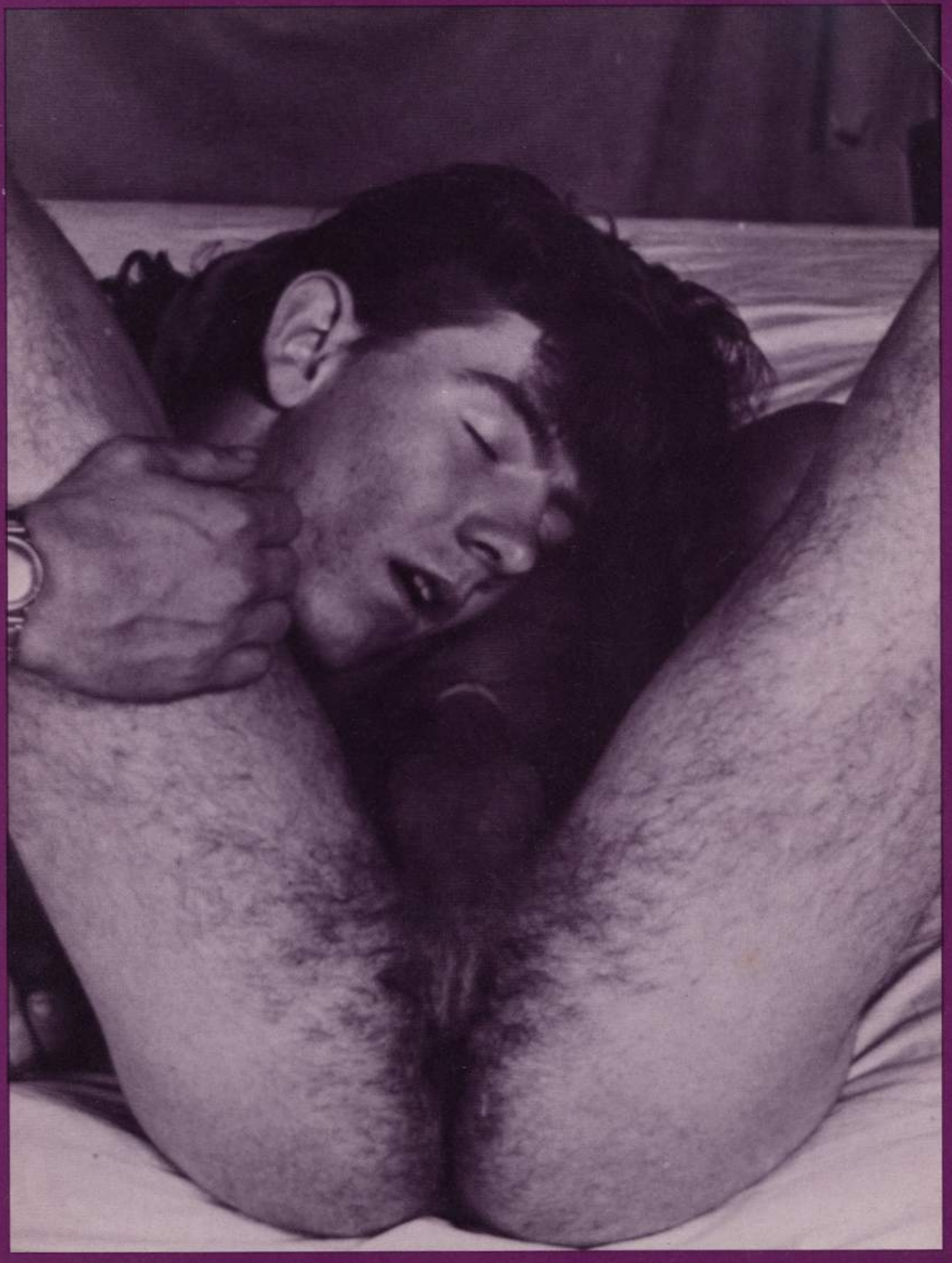
TRYING ANYTHING ON FOR SIZE IS ALWAYS A DRAG WHEN YOUTH REALLY WANTS TO GET RIGHT DOWN TO BUSINESS. AFTER ALL WEEKENDS ARE OVER TOO SOON AND THERE ARE FIVE LONG DAYS OF BOREDOM IN BETWEEN.



HOWEVER MOST OF THE TIME THEY FIT NICELY TOGETHER AND THEIR DAYS ARE SPENT WITH ALMOST ENDLESS EXERCISING TO KEEP THEM IN GOOD PHYSICAL SHAPE. THE WIDE OPEN SPACES GIVES THEM COMPLETE FREEDOM IN CHOICE AND MOVEMENT.



HOSING DOWN THE GROUNDS HAS PREVENTED SEVERAL FOREST FIRES FROM ATTACKING THEIR LITTLE MOUNTAIN PAD. LESTER THINKS THE WETTER ALL THE ELEMENTS ARE, THE BETTER EVERYTHING WILL FARE.



ACTUALLY THERE IS VERY LITTLE FURNITURE IN THE CABIN PAD. BUT SINCE THEY SPEND MOST OF THEIR TIME ALA NATURE, THERE IS LITTLE REASON FOR MORE THAN A BED AND A COOK STOVE. EATING PROPERLY IS MOST IMPORTANT.

HOWEVER, EVEN THOUGH JIM DOESN'T PLAY THE CONTINUED MARRIED GAME, IF HE HAS TAKEN SOMEONE TO BE HIS FRIEND THERE IS NOTHING WHICH WILL TEAR THAT FRIENDSHIP APART EXCEPT DISLOYALTY. JIM HAS FEW OTHER DEMANDS FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP.

TIME TESTED, HE HAS PROVED THAT HE CAN LIVE NO OTHER WAY. AND, IN FACT, THOSE WHO KNOW HIM BEST FEEL THEY WOULD HAVE HIM NO OTHER WAY. IT JUST WOULDN'T BE JIMMY AND HIS PLUSH PAD WERE HE DIFFERENT IN HIS APPROACH TO HIS KIND OF LIFE.

"HARD TIMES"

HOMOS & LESBOS

ARTICLE

Sociologically, it is interesting to note that the male homosexual has always held a very isolated and unique station in the collective consciousness of any society. He is either highly esteemed, as in Ancient Greece, or roundly condemned, as in Nineteenth Century America. His is rarely an anomaly that the average man-on-the-street has no opinion about, never a peculiarity that only merits a shrug of the shoulders or a look of indifference.

Rather, the response is either a guarded endorsement, or an outrageous condemnation.

The reason it is interesting to note this social response to male homosexuality is that it seems to stand apart from other sexual digressions in this regard. For instance, no one seems to get wildly excited about fetishists or masochists or sadists or frotteurs or even lesbians. In fact, very few people would even take note of two women holding hands, or embracing one another, since it is taken for granted that this is in women's nature.

This is certainly not the case with the male homosexual, not that there is that much open display of affection amongst them anyway, although society's stereotype of the "queer" has him walking with a mincing gait, limp-wristed, lisping as he talks in a shrill falsetto, and accosting every decent heterosexual male on the street.

The truth is that very few male homosexuals have these effeminate mannerisms, only some of the passive types, which is to say those homosexuals who assume the submissive "womanly" role in a homophile relationship. The vast majority of male homosexuals look and act like any other men.

On the whole, the lesbian seems to be far more cautious and secretive about her activities than the male homosexual. She seldom makes an overt attempt to pick up another lesbian, and she seldom prostitutes her sexual vagary for money. Almost never do lesbians come to the attention of the police, while police arrests of male homosexuals are very common.

Although statistics abound in various sex studies, no one really knows how many lesbians and homosexuals there are in the United States. The late Dr. Kinsey maintained that four per cent of white men are exclusively homosexual all their lives, with ten per cent of males being homosexual for at least three years, somewhere between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five. Another authority rates the number of male homosexuals at two to four million, but more recent surveys have indicated that both estimates are extremely conservative.

Love-making among homosexuals takes various forms, fellatio usually ranking as the most common expression, followed by coitus per anus and then mutual masturbation. Mouth-to-mouth kissing, petting and fondling, are also common, and, to some extent, so is analingus and scrotilingus.

Cunnilingus is the preferred method of sexual release among most lesbians. Generally, it is performed simultaneously—in the sixty-nine position —although some lesbians express the desire to only be active or passive, not both. Fondling of the breasts, kissing and sucking of the breasts is also

Distinctions And Comparisons

very common. Tribadism is not as common among lesbians as many people think, although a female homosexual will occasionally use a dildo or artificial penis on her partner.

The lesbian "femme" has been known to exhibit an intense regression to infantile norms of behavior, which is attributed to a libido conditioned by childhood environment; emotional mechanisms engendered by castration fears are avoided entirely and sexual gratification becomes possible without the intense anxieties engineered by the Oedipal situation. Kinsey found that women in their heterosexual relationships prefer those stimulating techniques that are commonly utilized in homosexual relationships. Put in still another way this means that women would prefer a degree of generalized physical stimulation—oral and tactile—before intromission of the penis.

The etiology of male and female homosexuality is still a moot question among psychiatrists and sexologists, despite the numerous theories. Richard von Krafft-Ebing and Magnus Hirschfeld consider love for the same sex a hereditary characteristic, while Ellis and Moll attempted to prove that homosexuals consider themselves normal. Hirschfeld has described homosexuality as an intermediary stage between man and woman, and has designated the condition as the "third sex," basing his observations on organic bisexual signs—female hips, enlarged breasts, narrow waist, etc. But more modern sexologists have learned today that one cannot place too much value on such appearances. Recent studies have shown that many "masculine" looking men are exclusive homosexuals, and that many "well-stacked" feminine looking women are lesbians.

As was already mentioned, oral intercourse is the main source of sexual gratification for inverts. In some instances the homosexual fixation of the libido may be combined with the experience of fellatio in childhood or in the teenage years. This is particularly true of the male homosexual. Frequently, a single traumatic experience in childhood can establish both an oral-erotic nature and a homophile orientation; yet whether the desire for fellatio is established quite early in life, or after the discovery of latent homosexuality in adulthood, the origin still stems from the sucking urge of infancey.

With the lesbian it is somewhat different. Whether she is active or passive in the sex act, "femme" or "butch," tribade or sapphist, the inspiration to suck generally comes from a libidinous desire to suck her own nipples, or those of her mother. After the relationship develops, the desire becomes more oriented toward the genitalia. Freud recognized that, "among women, too, the sexual aims of inverts are various; there seems to be a special preference for contact with the mucous membrane of the mouth."

There seems to be no average age during which the heterosexual male or female turns to his or her own sex. Men have been known to be happily married for twenty or more years, and then suddenly take up with another man. Women have been contented housewives and mothers, only to turn to

lesbianism in later years. Some psychologists believe that the reason for this belated inversion is that the individuals repressed their homosexual desires, disallowing it to come forth until a severe crisis occurs. Other experts believe, however, that the general heterosexual ignorance of the homosexual world is what keeps most "straight" people from turning to—or at least experimenting with—their own sex. They believe that if more heterosexuals were enlightened about the world of the homosexual, there would be much more inversion.

There is a distinct relationship between homosexuality and narcissism, or the love of one's self and one's own physical attributes, especially the genitalia. This condition can also be traced to infantile sexual development, when the subconscious desire to orally caress one's own sex organs first occurred. Since most people are physically unable to gratify their own genitalia orally, they seek contact with the sex organs of another. This usually means, in our heterosexually oriented society, the genitalia of the *opposite* sex. However, in the case of the extreme narcissist, he is generally so in love with his own sex organs—not to mention the image of himself gratifying those organs—that the genitalia of the opposite sex is simply not sufficient to arouse him sexually. He only finds what he is seeking when he indulges in oral intercourse with a member of the same sex.

There are two interesting, and somewhat modern, theories as to why male homosexuality has always been, and still is today, more widespread than lesbianism.

The first has to do with the role in which Nature has seemingly placed man—the role of breadwinner. In this capacity man has had to develop the intelligence, mentality and sensitivities of a variety of characters: husband, father, inventor, explorer, handyman, educator, family guardian, etc. As a result of playing so many roles man has evolved a receptiveness to abstraction, and is thus able to abstract, change and rearrange old and new ideas. This is the reason why there are more male geniuses, artists, writers, poets, etc., than there are female. This ability to abstract is also the reason why there are more male homosexuals than female homosexuals.

This is not just another way of saying that men have more opportunities, as a result of their breadwinning roles, for homosexual situations—although this certainly accounts for many such encounters. Rather, their culturally inherited ability to abstract even the most basic things of life, such as heterosexual intercourse, to bastardize a nature-made institution, as it were—constitutes the reason that the human experience as a whole is so incredibly and magnificently confusing.

The second theory for the prevalence of male homosexuality, as opposed to lesbianism, is the fact that men, for the most part, find themselves in a greater variety of situations, while carrying out the affairs of the day, than do most women. The law of averages insists that, given enough variables in a given time span, a heterosexual male will have an encounter with a homosexual male. Whether a sexual relationship develops or not depends, of course, upon the heterosexual male's degree of receptiveness to abstraction.

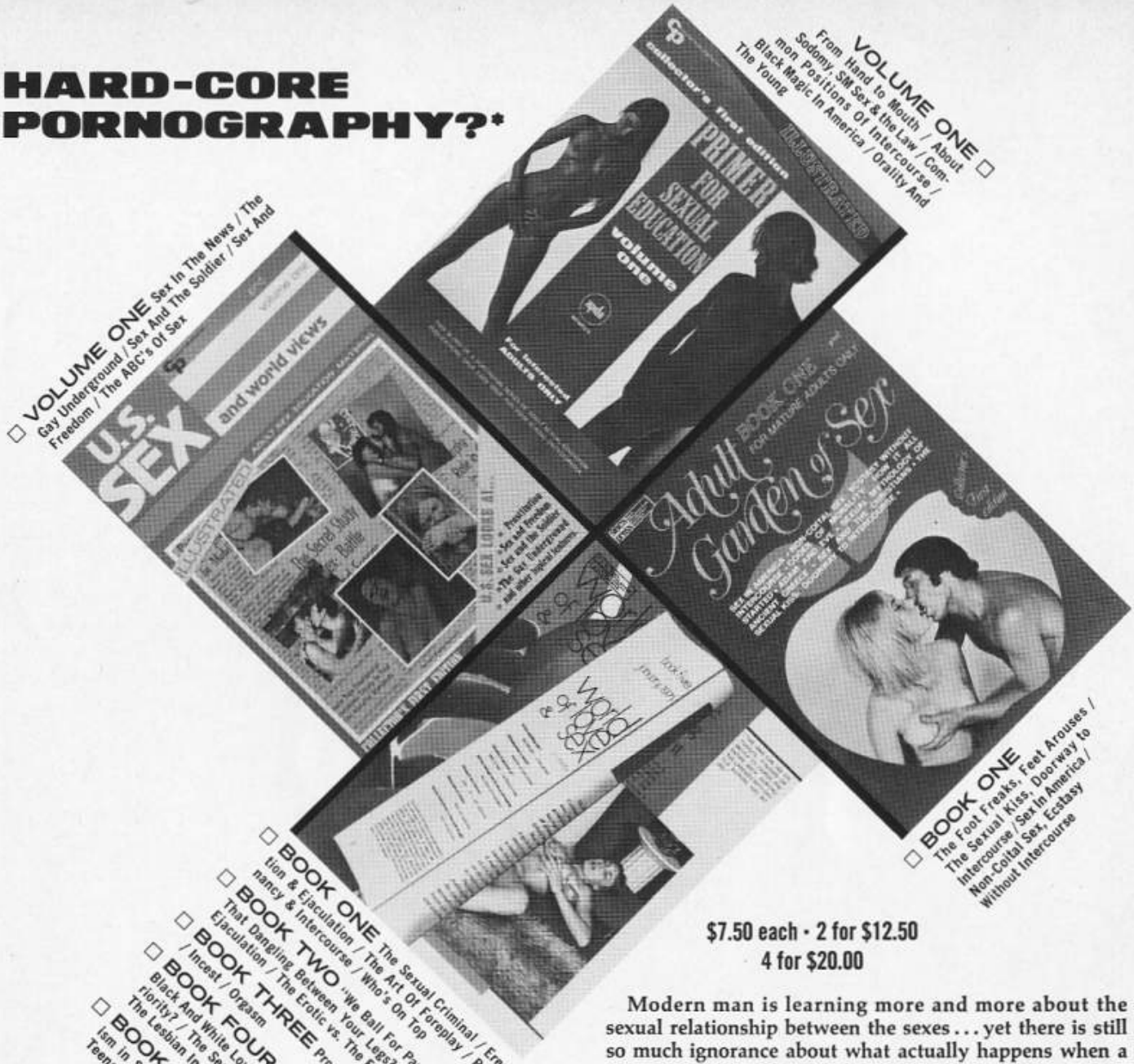
Some experts believe that more acts of oralism are committed in public parks, restrooms, alleyways, motion picture houses, beaches and parked cars than in the privacy of the home. While this may be a slight exaggeration, it points out nonetheless the male homosexual's innate desire to abstract conventional sex. The public, or semi-public, restroom, for instance, offers not only instant and uninvolved fellatio with a stranger of one's choice—for the latent homosexual who prefers to remain obscure and not associate with the overtly "gay" set, and for the heterosexual man who merely wants to "experiment" with the twilight world—but it also caters to any man's sense of adventure.

Lesbians hardly ever operate in this manner. They must gratify—or seek gratification from—each other through much subtler means.

Doubtless the freer atmosphere generated by the sexual revolution has altered the concept of homosexuality—male and female—in many people's minds. Generally speaking, people are becoming more tolerant and understanding of the homosexual. Whether this is the result of their own sexual enlightenment, or the result of a recognition of their own homosexual potentialities—is not clear. What is clear, however, is the fact that the more tolerant and understanding the attitude toward homosexuals—noticeable mostly in the major metropolitan areas like Los Angeles and New York City—the less problematic the homosexual becomes to himself and to his society. After all, one of the biggest producers of psychoses in anyone, hetero- or homosexual, is ostracism. In America, up until the present generation, ostracism has been the plight of the homosexual, a fate, which, for many individuals, is worse than all the "legal" punishment society could administer.

Fortunately, today we are witnessing a steep decline in negative attitudes about homosexuals. The sexual revolution is evolving a society conducive to great numbers of well-adjusted, guiltless homosexuals who see themselves as a major integral part of America's psychosexual make-up.

HARD-CORE PORNOGRAPHY?*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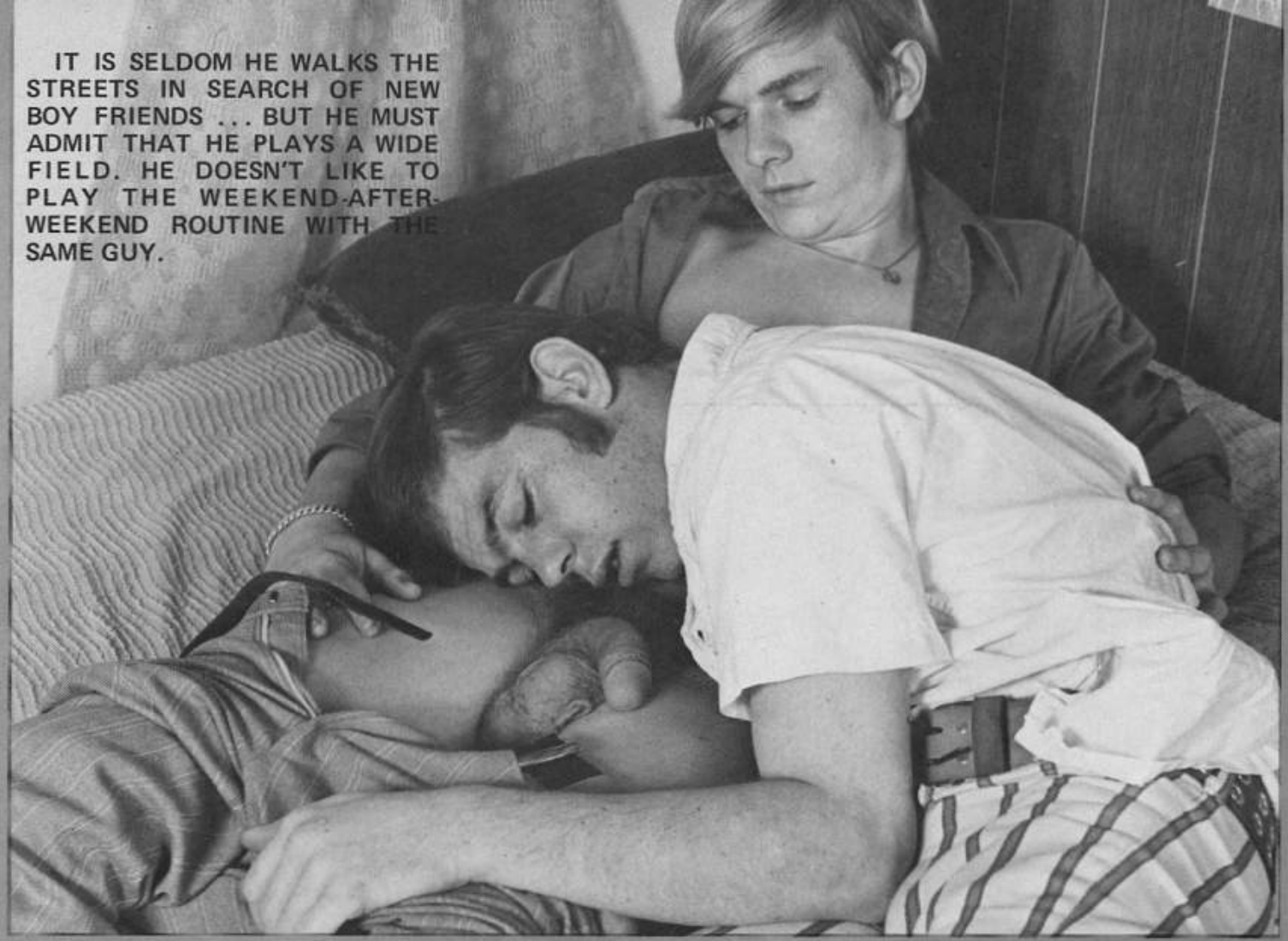
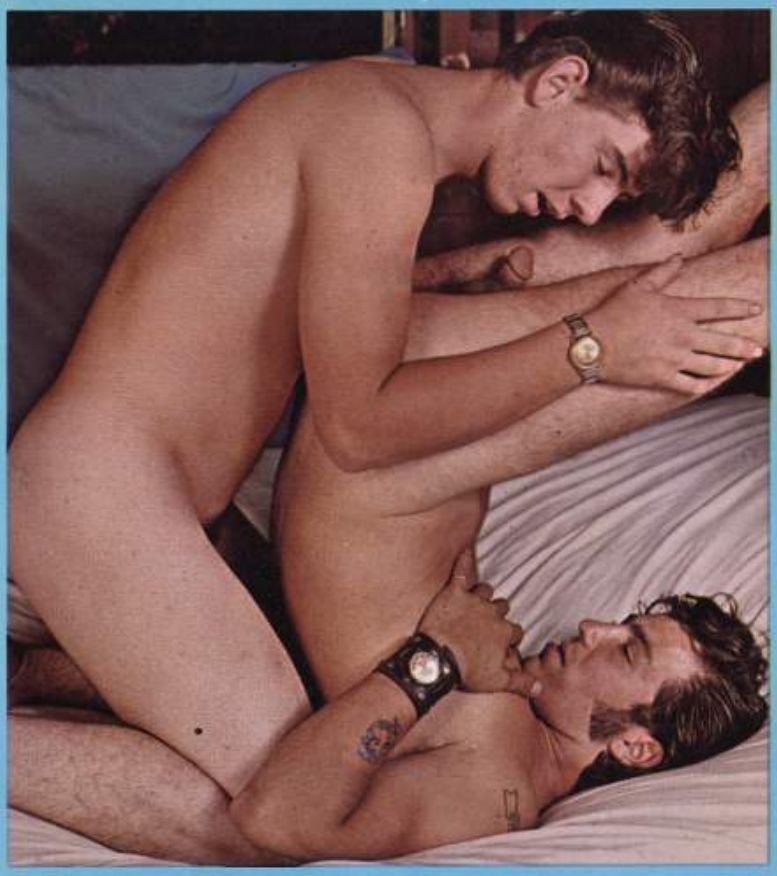
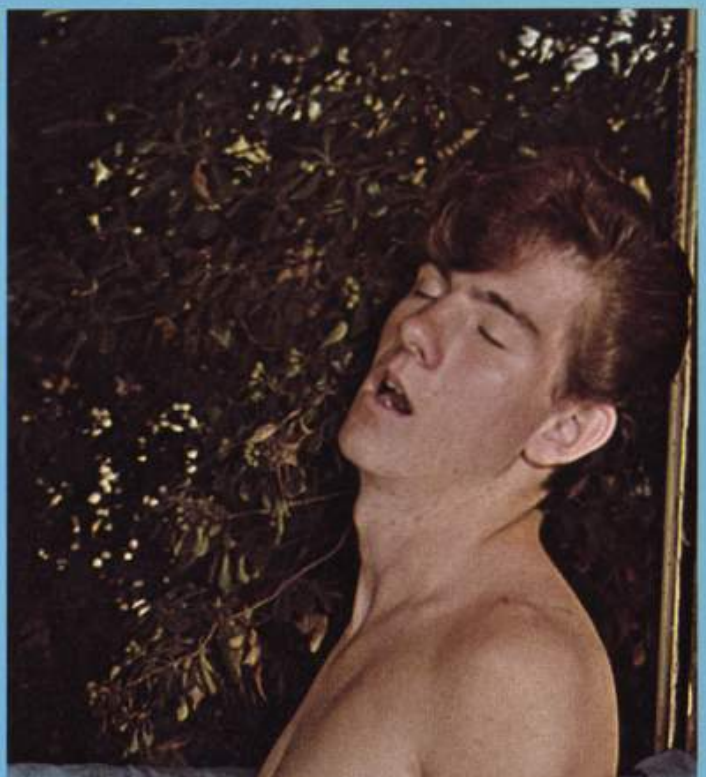
PLUSH PAD

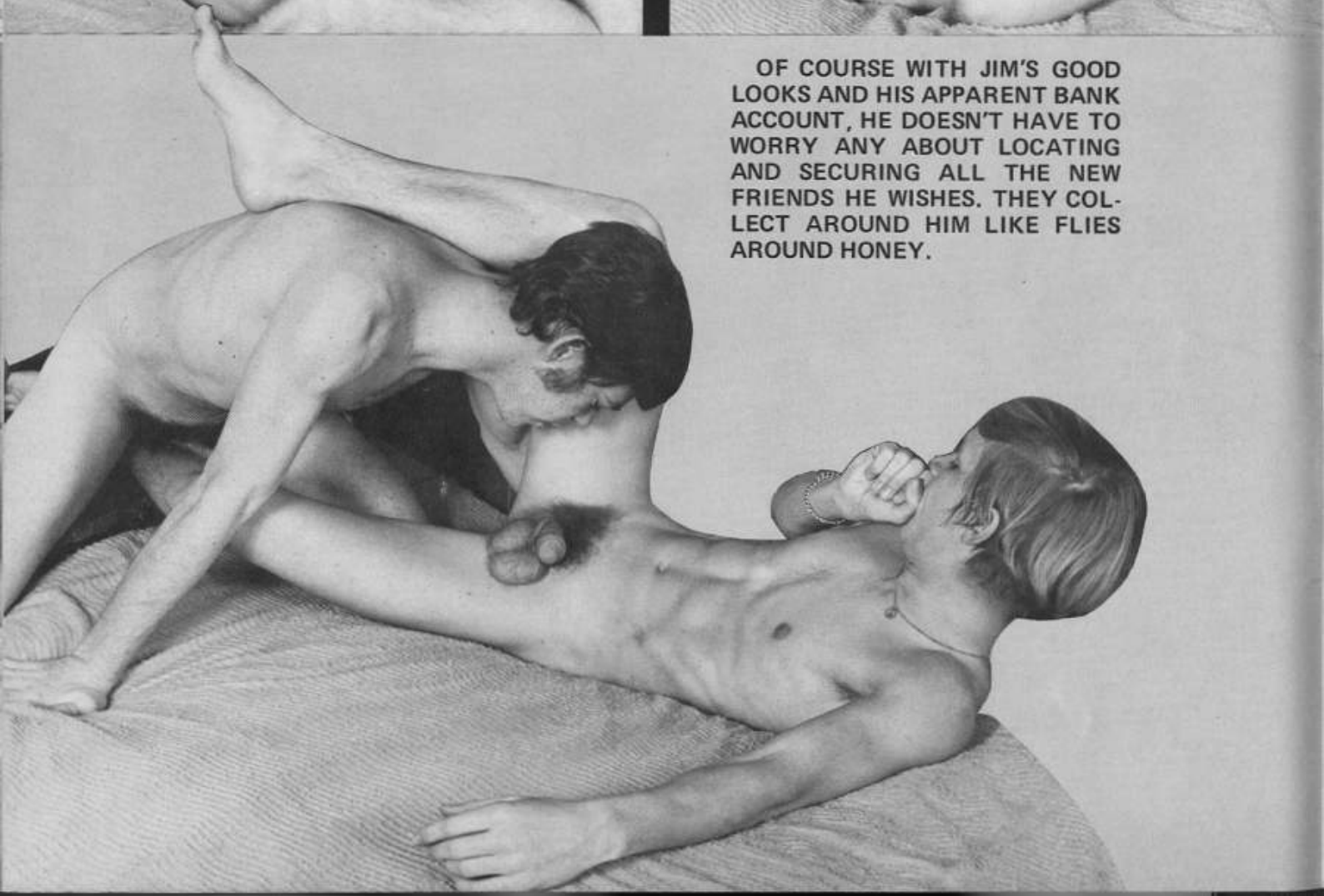
JIM'S PLUSH PAD IS THE TALK OF THE STRIP . . . AND THERE IS NEVER A DULL MOMENT AROUND THE PLACE. FOR ONE THING JIM IS NOT A GUY WHO IS SATISFIED EASILY. EVERYTHING HAS TO BE THE BEST, AND THAT INCLUDES HIS FRIENDS.

IT IS SELDOM HE WALKS THE STREETS IN SEARCH OF NEW BOY FRIENDS ... BUT HE MUST ADMIT THAT HE PLAYS A WIDE FIELD. HE DOESN'T LIKE TO PLAY THE WEEKEND-AFTER-WEEKEND ROUTINE WITH THE SAME GUY.









OF COURSE WITH JIM'S GOOD LOOKS AND HIS APPARENT BANK ACCOUNT, HE DOESN'T HAVE TO WORRY ANY ABOUT LOCATING AND SECURING ALL THE NEW FRIENDS HE WISHES. THEY COLLECT AROUND HIM LIKE FLIES AROUND HONEY.

TRYING IS NOT ALWAYS BUYING WHEN IT COMES TO JIM'S SELECTIONS. HE IS A DIFFICULT GUY TO PLEASE, AND HE DOESN'T MIND SPEAKING OUT IF THE SETUP IS NOT EXACTLY RIGHT. AND JIM'S BIG ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.

OTHER THAN HAVING THINGS HIS OWN WAY, JIM REALLY IS A NICE EASY–GOING GUY. HOWEVER, CROSS HIM, OR DENY HIM WHAT HE WANTS AND HE CAN TURN ON REAL MEAN. THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN OFTEN.
HOWEVER, EVEN THOUGH JIM DOESN'T PLAY THE CONTINUED MARRIED GAME, IF HE HAS TAKEN SOMEONE TO BE HIS FRIEND THERE IS NOTHING WHICH WILL TEAR THAT FRIENDSHIP APART EXCEPT DISLOYALTY. JIM HAS FEW OTHER DEMANDS FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP.

PLUSH PAD

TIME TESTED, HE HAS PROVED THAT HE CAN LIVE NO OTHER WAY. AND, IN FACT, THOSE WHO WOULD KNOW HIM BEST FEEL THEY WOULD HAVE HIM NO OTHER WAY. IT JUST WOULDN'T BE JIMMY AND HIS PLUSH PAD WERE HE DIFFERENT IN HIS APPROACH TO HIS KIND OF LIFE.

HERCULES

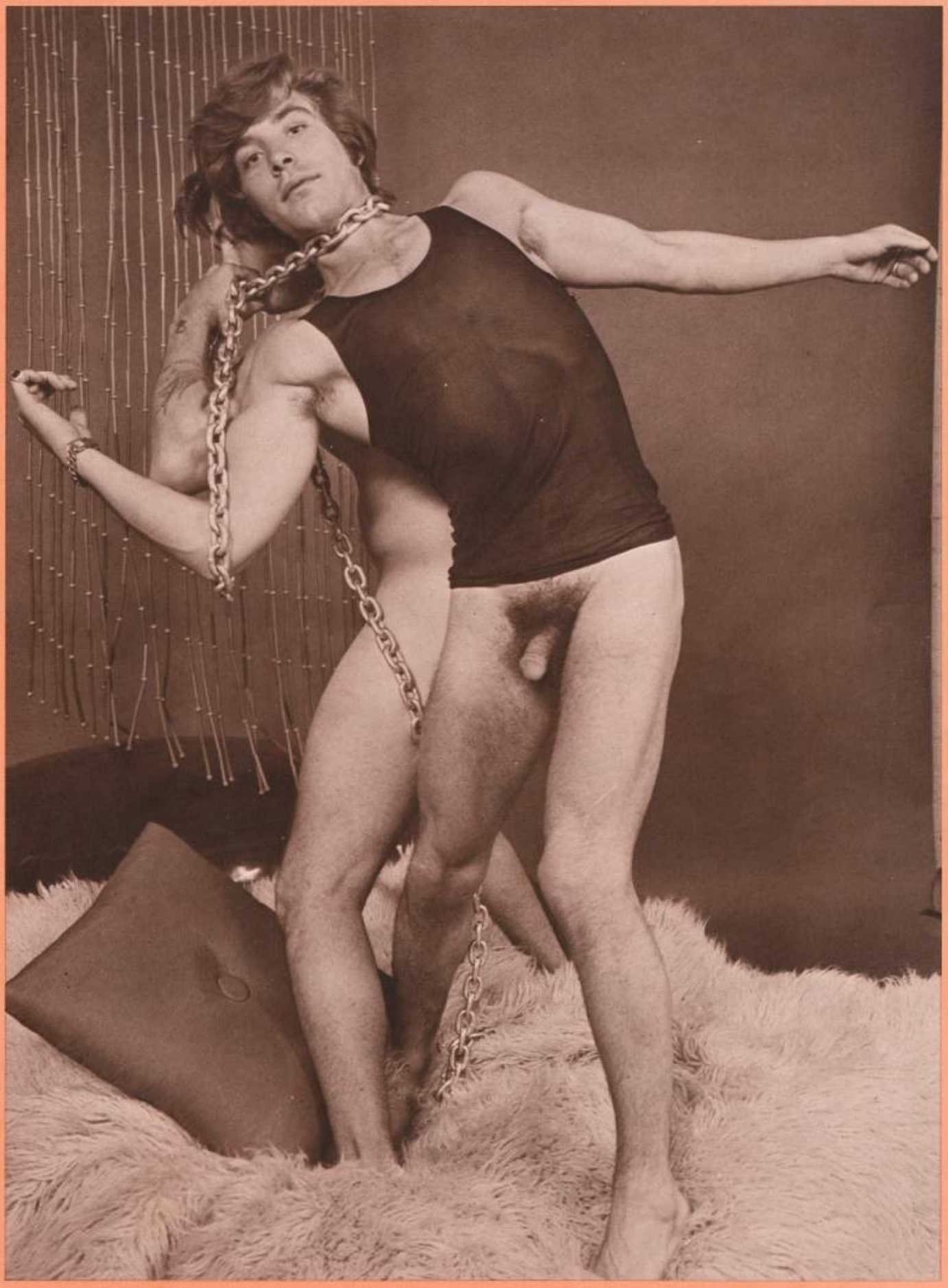
THESE TWO CHAPS GET SOME OF THEIR BEST IDEAS OUT OF BOOKS. TO LOOK AT THEM, YOU WOULDN'T SAY THAT EITHER WAS THE BOOKISH TYPE. YET, THEY KNOW WHERE TO FIND THE BEST IDEAS.

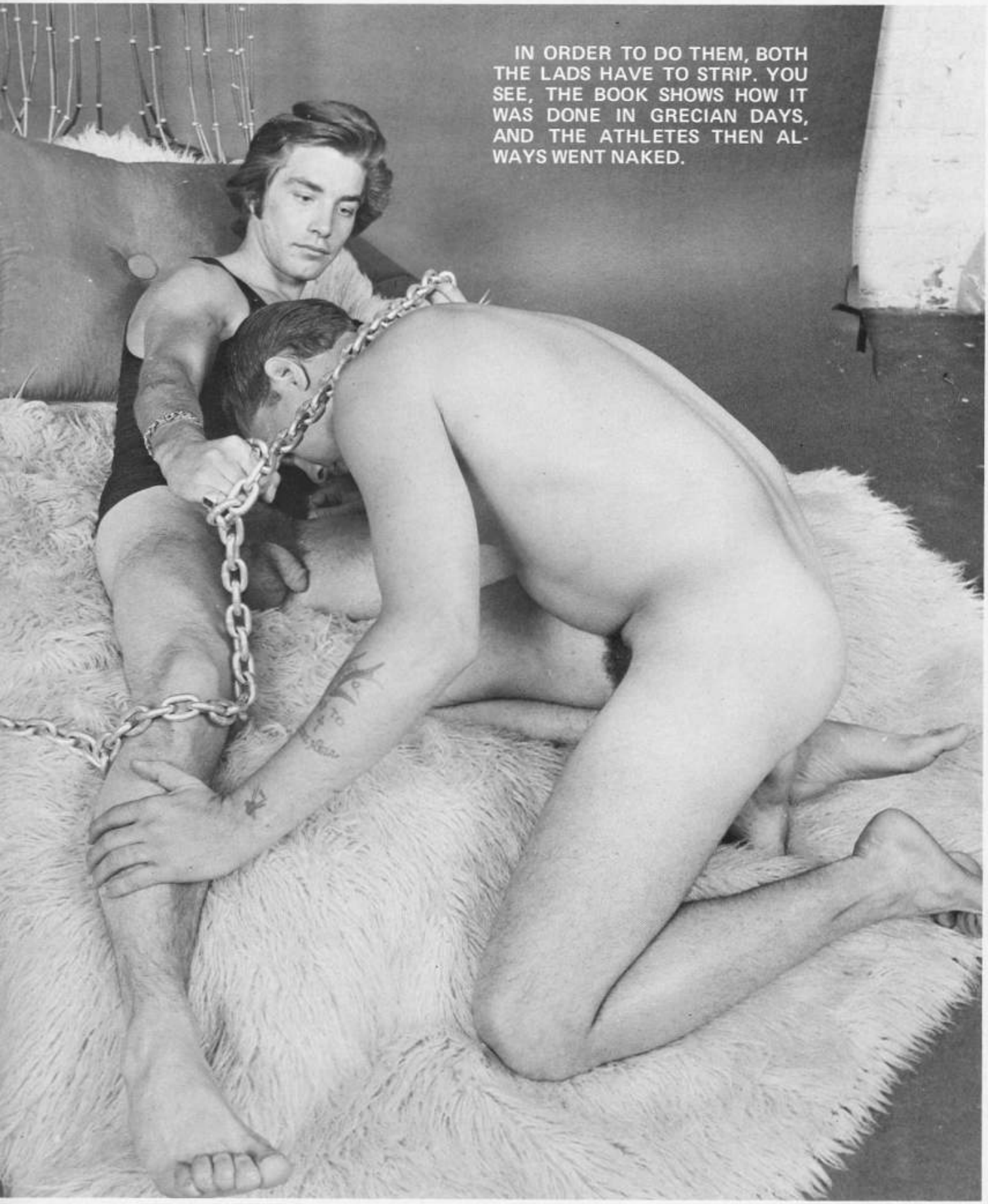
TODAY, THEY FOUND A BOOK THAT SUGGESTS A FEW WILD TRICKS THAT TWO FELLOWS CAN DO WITH A HEAVY CHAIN. THEY'VE DECIDED TO TRY OUT THE STUNTS THAT THEY FOUND IN THE BOOK.

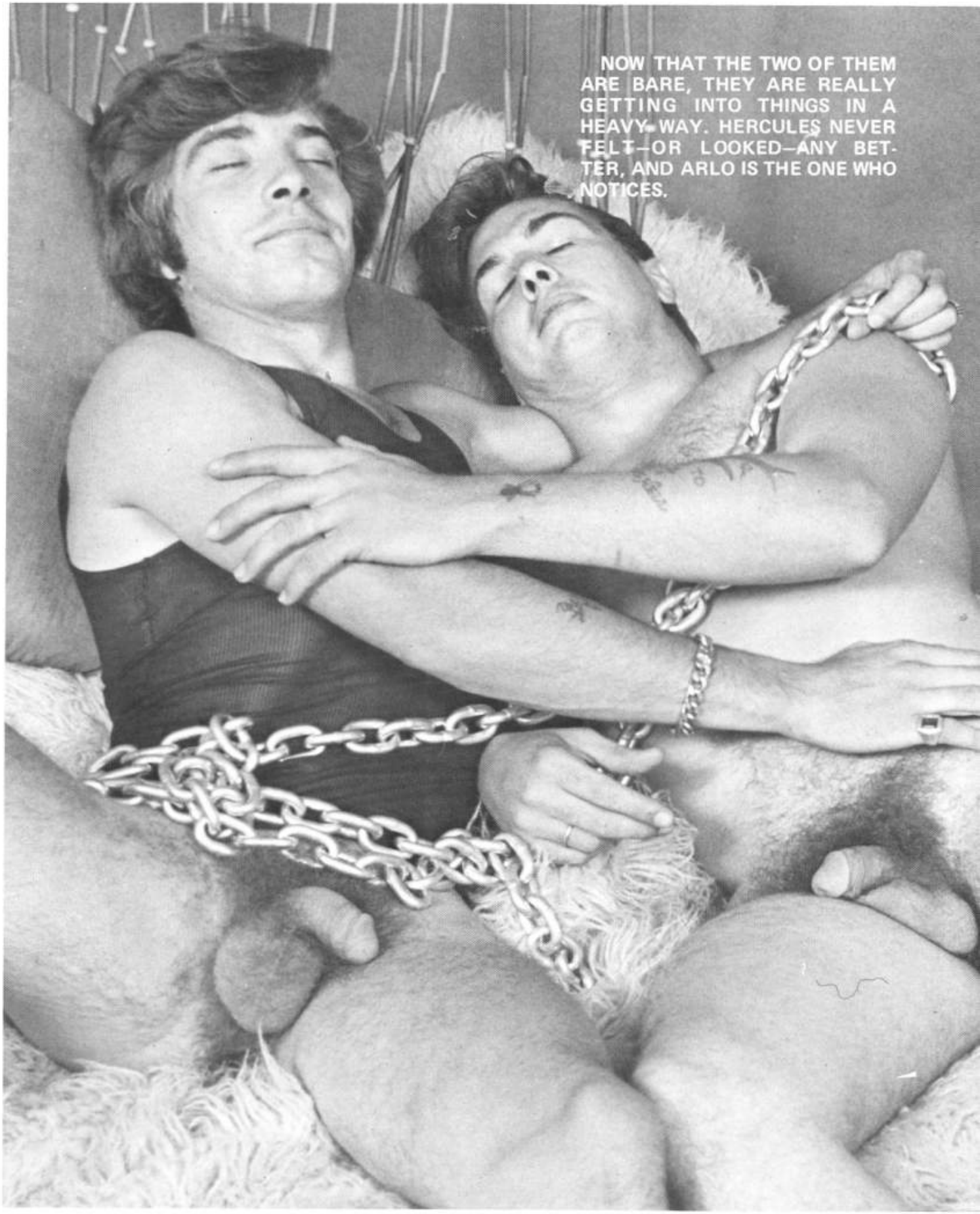
UNCHAINED

THE FELLOW IN THE GROOVY UNDERSHIRT GOES BY THE NAME HERCULES. IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO SEE WHERE HE PICKED UP THE NAME. HE'S ABSOLUTELY ALL MUSCLE.

BUT HE'S NOT MUSCLE BOUND. HIS FRIEND, ARLO IS NO ATHLETE, BUT HE SURE DIGS MUSCLES. ARLO HAS DECIDED THAT HERCULES CAN DO THE TRICKS IN THE BOOK.

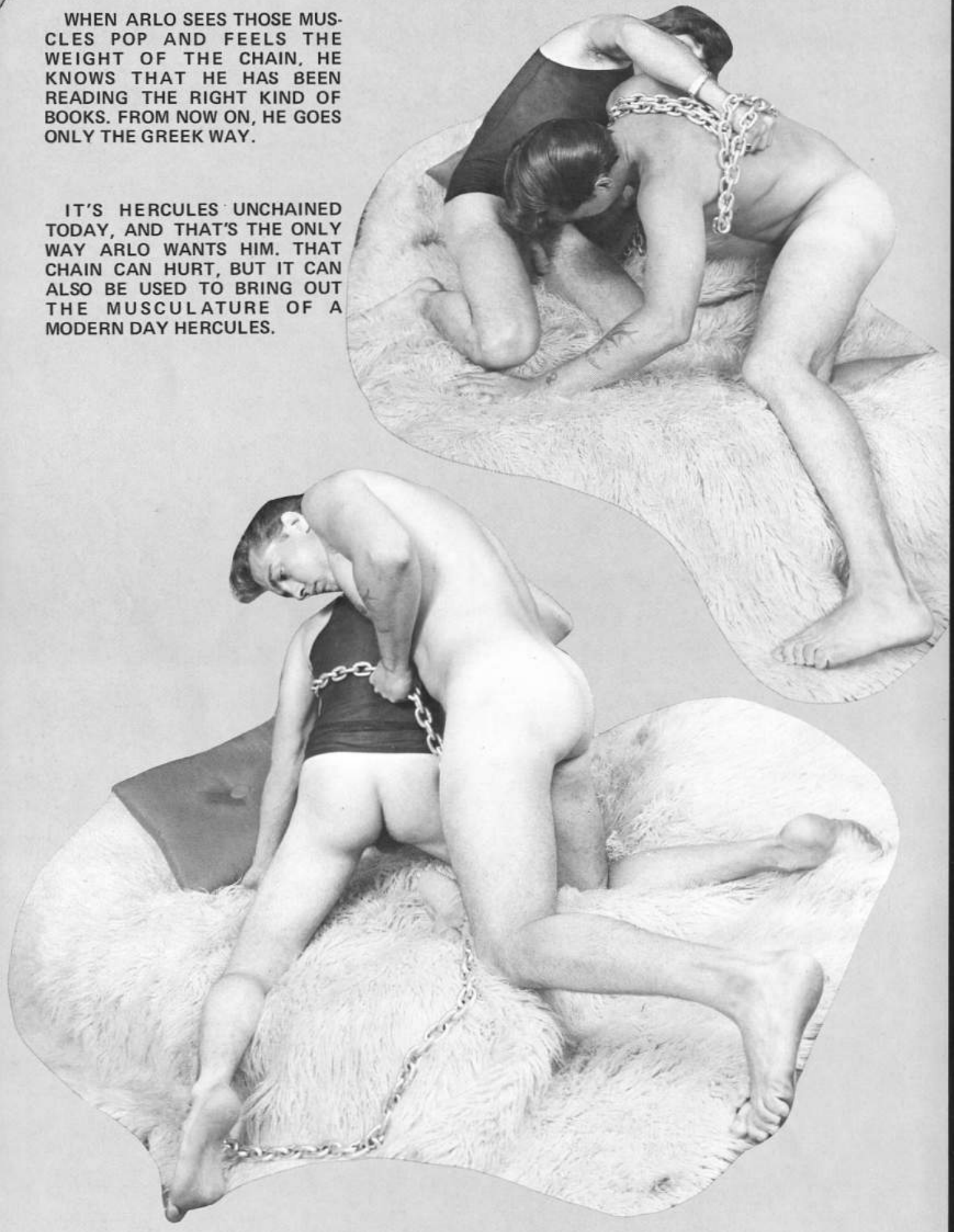


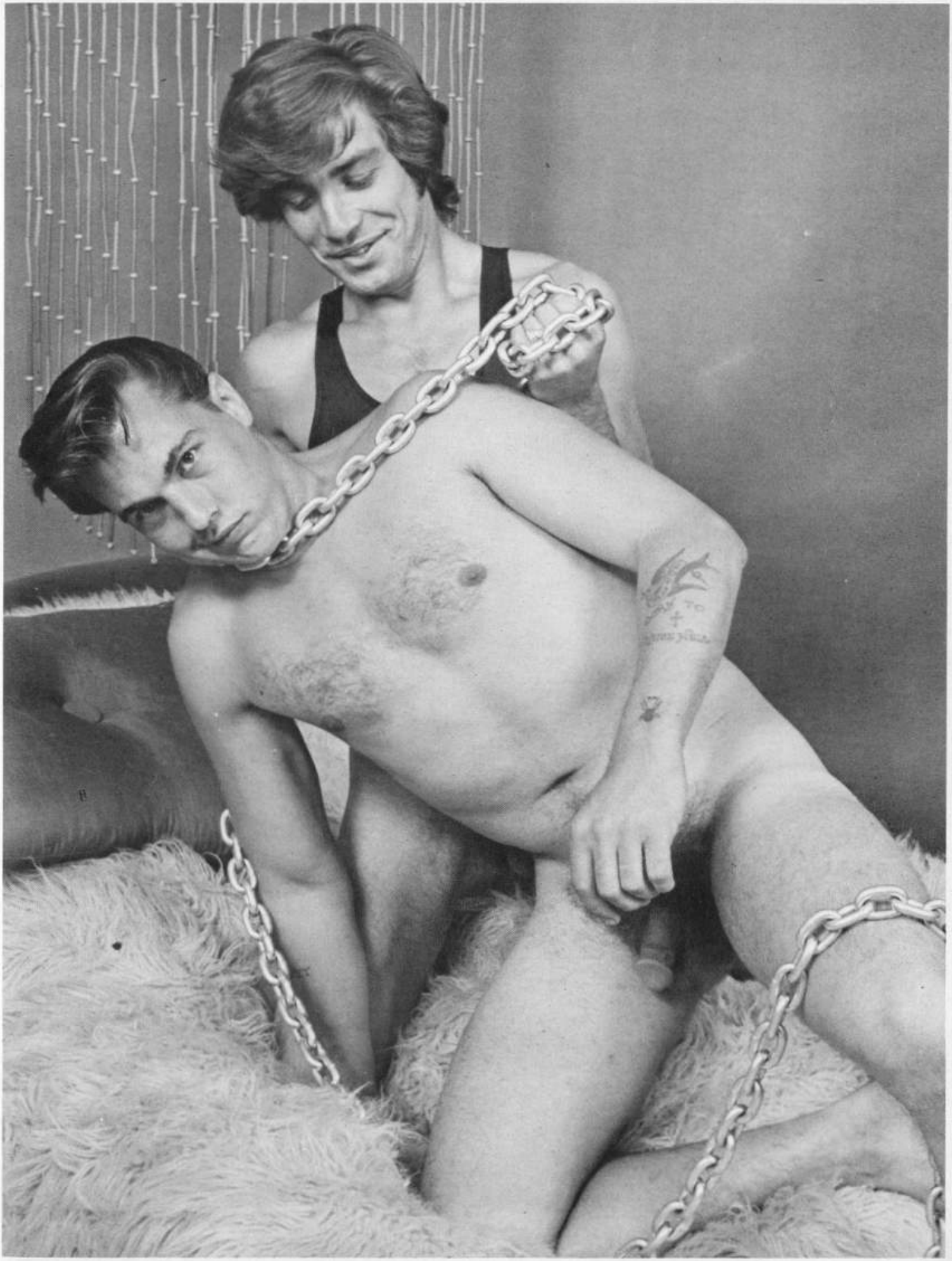

IN ORDER TO DO THEM, BOTH THE LADS HAVE TO STRIP. YOU SEE, THE BOOK SHOWS HOW IT WAS DONE IN GRECIAN DAYS, AND THE ATHLETES THEN ALWAYS WENT NAKED.


NOW THAT THE TWO OF THEM ARE BARE, THEY ARE REALLY GETTING INTO THINGS IN A HEAVY WAY. HERCULES NEVER FELT—OR LOOKED—ANY BETTER, AND ARLO IS THE ONE WHO NOTICES.

WHEN ARLO SEES THOSE MUSCLES POP AND FEELS THE WEIGHT OF THE CHAIN, HE KNOWS THAT HE HAS BEEN READING THE RIGHT KIND OF BOOKS. FROM NOW ON, HE GOES ONLY THE GREEK WAY.

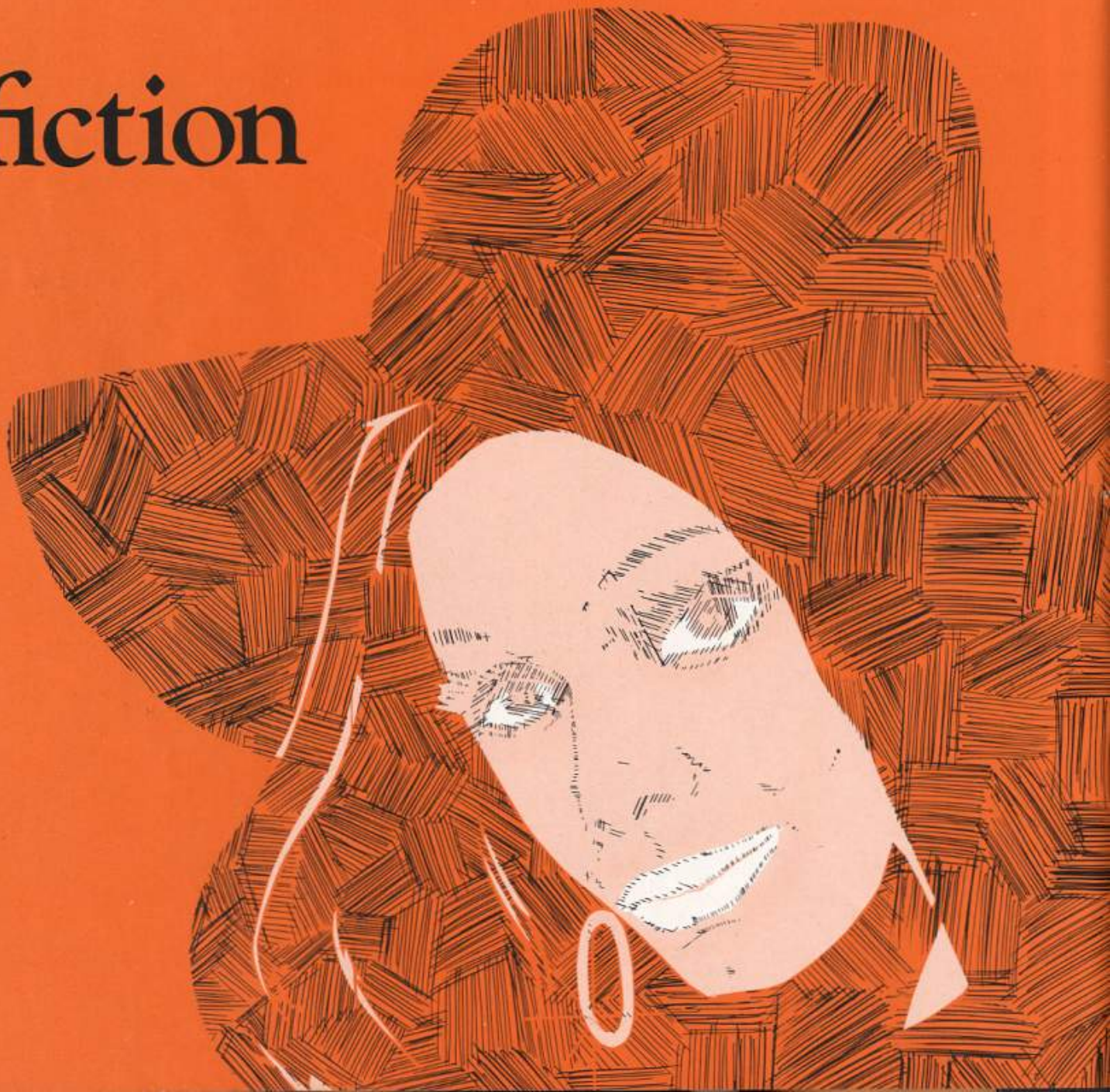
IT'S HERCULES UNCHAINED TODAY, AND THAT'S THE ONLY WAY ARLO WANTS HIM. THAT CHAIN CAN HURT, BUT IT CAN ALSO BE USED TO BRING OUT THE MUSCULATURE OF A MODERN DAY HERCULES.





Unfriendly

fiction



Persuasion

Martin had already affixed the pink bikini panties, panty hose, brassiere, slip and skirt into place. All that remained was to slide into high heeled shoes and put on the new pink angora cardigan, then he would be ready for the street. He was young and extremely good-looking with tender features that took little more makeup than lipstick, mascara and eyeshadow to transform him into one of the sexiest dolls on the street

There was no need for a wig since his own hair was shoulder length, a style of the present, and it was pin curled every night to keep it well-shaped.

Strange as it may seem, Martin wasn't a full-time "drag queen." He actually didn't prefer women's clothing to his male attire. But dressing so was the easiest way to pick up other males, therefore he had perfected his womanly arts. And when some straight got his hands too close to the golden fur box, Martin simply told him it was that time of the month, "she'd" have to take care of him orally, take it into her mouth. And if his hands went to "her" titties . . . that part was alright. There was enough fatty tissues around the boyish nipples to make fair-sized mounds when formed with a tight brassiere. The "trade" or "trick" could play with them all night, through and underneath the brassiere and never get wise . . . just as long as the brassiere stayed in place. Martin never undressed further than the slip when confronting "her" customers. She didn't have to once they learned about her discomforts during that time of the month. Usually she didn't even have to go so far as her slip. All the guy was interested in were her ruby red lips, and what they could do for him. Some did insist that she take off her sweater or blouse, or whatever so they could see her youthful titties, but if they insisted too hard when she rejected the plan, she simply got angry and told them it would be her way or none at all. They always came around to her way of thinking.

Then she was ready. She thought a moment longer about taking along a light coat, but decided against it. At that point she was all sweater girl, and there was nothing like a sweater front to catch the eye of an ever-ready male. In so thinking, Marion (as close as she could come to Martin) raised both of her hands to lightly push up her dainty boobie front through the sweater. It chilled her deep to her groin and her penis strained at the panties in anticipation. It was a tremendously exciting feeling but Marion detested masturbation except as a last resort. . . . She grinned back at her reflection, knowing full well she'd had few last resorts since becoming Marion full-time on her nightly and weekend prowls.

She checked her dainty wristwatch and found it to be just before ten in the evening. Just about the right time for the bars to have enough variety of patrons where a pretty girl like Marion could more or less pick and choose the companion she wanted. It was pretty piss-poor when she had to take on just anybody. That wasn't really the name of her game. But then that didn't happen anymore . . . than she had to jerk-off. There had been so many times she'd wished she were twins. Too many beautiful tricks had slipped between her fingers due to the fact that she had to make a choice. Some which looked like the best bet had turned out to be the most tremendous of duds, and the rejected one had to have been better. Of course, that was something she couldn't really be sure of, but the dud . . . anything would have been better.

She liked the way her high heels clicked on the cement sidewalk, and she liked the way her tight skirt pulled rhythmically at the calves of her legs with each step. And with each pull she knew it was that much closer to the time when the ache in her groin would be satisfied. Soon her lips would press over a lob, then there would be no stopping the surging fire which would spread through her entire body. She wished she had a hole instead of a pole . . . after all, she was a whore and she knew it . . . a male whore in female dress, but a whore nevertheless . . . women whores could do so much more with their clients.

No matter how many times Martin had looked into his mirror and found Marion there he always got the same reaction. "What a beautiful girl I would have made . . . what a shame I am lost to so

many men who'd give their eyeteeth for half an hour with me."

The bars were no more or less crowded than they generally were at ten-thirty of a Friday night. And as usual there were other faces than the regulars. . . . The brutes . . . the straights . . . the trade . . . the curious and the vice. The vice, that's the one she dreaded without reservation. Of course, she didn't feel that it was pure luck she hadn't been busted before . . . so many of the other drag hustlers had . . . she felt it was because of the perfect makeup, and because of the discretion with which she picked her tricks. There was no law against Martin dressing as he was, but picking up her trade for illicit reasons always beckoned the long arm of the law.

Marion was a perfectionist in dress and makeup. Undoubtedly she'd never been tagged as anything but a female who minded her own business . . . talked with many interested males . . . then left the bar by herself. It was only known to those who went with her that a prearranged meeting was designated before she ankled out of the establishment.

Then too the city is big and there are plenty of bars. If she traveled to them every night for a lifetime she would not have to set foot in the same bar twice. Safety has always favored numbers . . . and variety was her spice in life. She did, however, make repeat performances once in a while, but with some period of time in between. There was good reasoning in that procedure also. Some of the places she liked, and did return to, had to permit her an absence period so she wouldn't run into the same trick again. It didn't always work out that way, but the bets were better than even . . . well worth the chance. She just didn't approve of taking on the same customer twice . . . besides . . . she couldn't use the "HOLY WEEK" dodge a second time. Twice burned makes for a hot situation. It was better to slough them off with a curt, "Hello. . . . How are you?" and "Ohhhh, I'm sorry. I really am! I have a previous engagement." Her musical voice always carried the words off with the ring of excusable truth.

Marion looked back across the cement parking lot to where she had parked her convertible and those blue eyes roved over the several dozen parked cars. The cocktail lounge which she had picked was jumping with customers . . . there would be no failure in making a quick conquest. Again the numbers value struck her mind. The more men there were, the better her chances for picking just the right type of companion she'd like for a couple of private hours.

Of course it didn't always work out the way she planned, but even before leaving her apartment Martin discussed, with Marion through his mirror reflection, the exact type of male fruit he'd like to digest on that particular occasion. A selection which the vehicles in that parking lot presented, told her she might have to change her plans. After all, pre-selection might turn up the right one . . . but more than the right one had to come from sight selection.

Marion's high heels sunk deeply into the thick pile carpet of the cocktail lounge, and daintily she walked across to the bar. Ladylike, she might have otherwise seated herself in one of the booths, but the gigantic mirror behind the bar afforded her a sweeping view of the entire interior of the establishment without anyone catching her roving eye . . . at least until she wanted them to. After all, eye-catching was the final come-on before capture . . . the big lure when a selection has been made. After that there was little work left for her to do. A bit of conversation over a cocktail or two, then the meeting arrangements and nature took over from there. She knew her business well and once she had made her choice the guy didn't have a chance.

The room was crowded as Marion had expected . . . and her face lighted up with delight as she viewed the admiring men as she passed them, then perched daintily on the stool. A uniformed bartender took her order, a martini, then moved off, leaving the sparkling mirror clear for her scrutiny. It didn't take Marion long to spy her intended conquest. And even though he sat at a table with two other girls Marion had little trouble capturing and holding his eyes.

He appeared to be tall and well built with a full chest under the straight cut suit, and his wavy dark hair framed a ruggedly handsome face . . . and after a few moments of the eye catching, it became apparent the two girls at the table with him knew what was transpiring, but other than slight furtive looks they made no other outward sign of being annoyed. Marion figured that the guy was a real stud and if the girls ever wanted him again, they just better not attempt stopping him from any amours to which he might want to direct his attention.

It must have been that way because only a few more moments passed as he killed off his drink, then stood up and crossed the plush carpet to straddle the stool next to Marion. Without a word he indicated to the bartender that Marion's glass was to be filled and that he was in need of another himself. There were still no words until after the bartender had brought the drinks then walked off to service another customer.

"Tommy Cassidy," he said, then cocked a questioning eye.

"Marion . . . Marion Fox!" Marion felt the sweat rivering down through the pubic hairs under her

panties and panty hose. Briefly she wished she had worn a panty-girdle . . . it always sopped up most of the sweat moisture when her hot sexual body fires started.

"Nice young ladies don't usually come to a plush bar like this alone."

"What makes you think I'm alone?" It was a silly question, but the only thing which came to mind at the moment. However, she quickly added, "I like to start the evening out alone. I don't generally end up that way."

Tommy looked Marion up and down approvingly. "That's easy to see. Are you on the town or on the make?"

The dialogue was extremely abrupt, but there was little which could shock Marion into startled facial expression any longer. She let a light grin pass the corners of her lips. "I suppose you might say, a little of each." She finished the martini.

"It's a long night, and if we don't make the scene, then that could leave me all hot and bothered . . . and maybe you can see, I don't have to take that kind of crap." He indicated the girls back at the table he'd just left. "You interest me, so if I'm going to lay out for a good time, I expect one in return." Then he looked deeply and directly into the blue pools of Marion's eyes and was strictly blunt with his question. "Your apartment, or mine?"

"Whow, you do come on strong, don't you?"

"Life was made to be played to the hilt, not screwed around with. I get to the point! Win, lose or draw, there's always somebody just around the corner . . . or I go back to the broads over there at the table."

"Perhaps you'd better go back to your girl friends. Maybe they like your attitude. I don't!" It was a lie, but once started, Marion had to keep up with the pretense if she was to win the man. The only problem was, Tommy hadn't been bluffing. He got to his feet, leaving behind the untouched glass of Scotch and water and was about to return to the table. Frantically Marion grabbed his arm. "Where are you going?"

"Maybe you've had a lot of guys kidding you before, sister, but I'm not one of them. I speak my mind and it comes out clear, even if it's not always clean. I put in the pitch and you rejected . . . that seems to be about all there is to it."

Marion spoke slowly, the heat increasing throughout her entire loins. She had to have this rough, tough one. "That isn't all there is to it!" She dug into her shoulder purse and took out a calling card which she stuck into his hand. "My place! I have everything there we'll need for a nice . . . time."

Tommy looked at the card and grinned. "You coy broads are all the same, aren't you? Make like you're going to fall apart then come on strong because you can't see yourself losing." He looked at the card again. "Okay . . . your place! How about half an hour?"

"That will be just fine." Then she turned to watch as Tommy returned to the table and picked up one of the girls' drinks. She couldn't hear what they were saying but Marion knew the talk was all about her because the girls gave quick glances in her direction. Of course that kind of thing she didn't like very much because it could take some of the protection away from an illicit affair. But then Tommy hadn't appeared as any conventional type right from the beginning, and she did want him.

Marion didn't leave the cocktail lounge immediately. She played it in her usual manner, so that it didn't look like a pick-up. She waited a full ten minutes, then moved slowly to the door, but once outside her steps quickened. The cool air going up her miniskirt did much to ease the heat, but the longing remained, and she knew it would until Tommy had dropped his pants in front of her. It was the only way the hot rocks would cool.

Tommy's knock on the door was loud and clear. Marion had wanted to change into a sexy negligee and nightie over the undies, but there hadn't been time; then, too, Tommy's kind might be the physical type and it was much more probable that he wouldn't attempt tearing off a sweater and skirt . . . whereas the flimsy negligee might fall too easily under any grip.

Marion opened the door. "Come in," she directed, then stepped back a few steps. Tommy moved in quickly and there was a tremendous leer on his face as he closed the door behind him. He then took her hand and led her across to a couch. "You sure got a hell of a body. Let's see it!"

Marion feigned the blush she could always bring on. "I know you'll be angry. I should have told you before. But this is my time of the month. . . . Please don't be angry with me. I won't let you go away 'hot and bothered' like you mentioned. . . . I'll take care of you . . . the other way. Honest, I want to see you again when I'm alright . . . that's why I didn't brush you off in the bar. I wanted you so bad I could taste it. Now, at least, maybe I can do that. You aren't mad . . . if we do it that way, just this once, are you, honey?"

"Hell no," replied Tommy with a broad grin, then took off his jacket and unbuckled the thick belt from around his waist. "I don't know what other way you had in mind, but I'm not one for playing games when sex is involved. You just have at it, and mind you do a good job or we just don't ever get together again." The trousers dropped, then the undershorts, and the BULL DYKE spread her legs far apart. . . .

BODY BUILDER

WALLACE HAS SPENT A GREAT DEAL OF HIS TIME BUILDING UP THAT GREAT BODY OF HIS. THAT'S WHY HE GETS SUCH A BIG KICK OUT OF SHOWING IT OFF. HE'S BUILT HEAVY IN ALL THE RIGHT DEPARTMENTS.

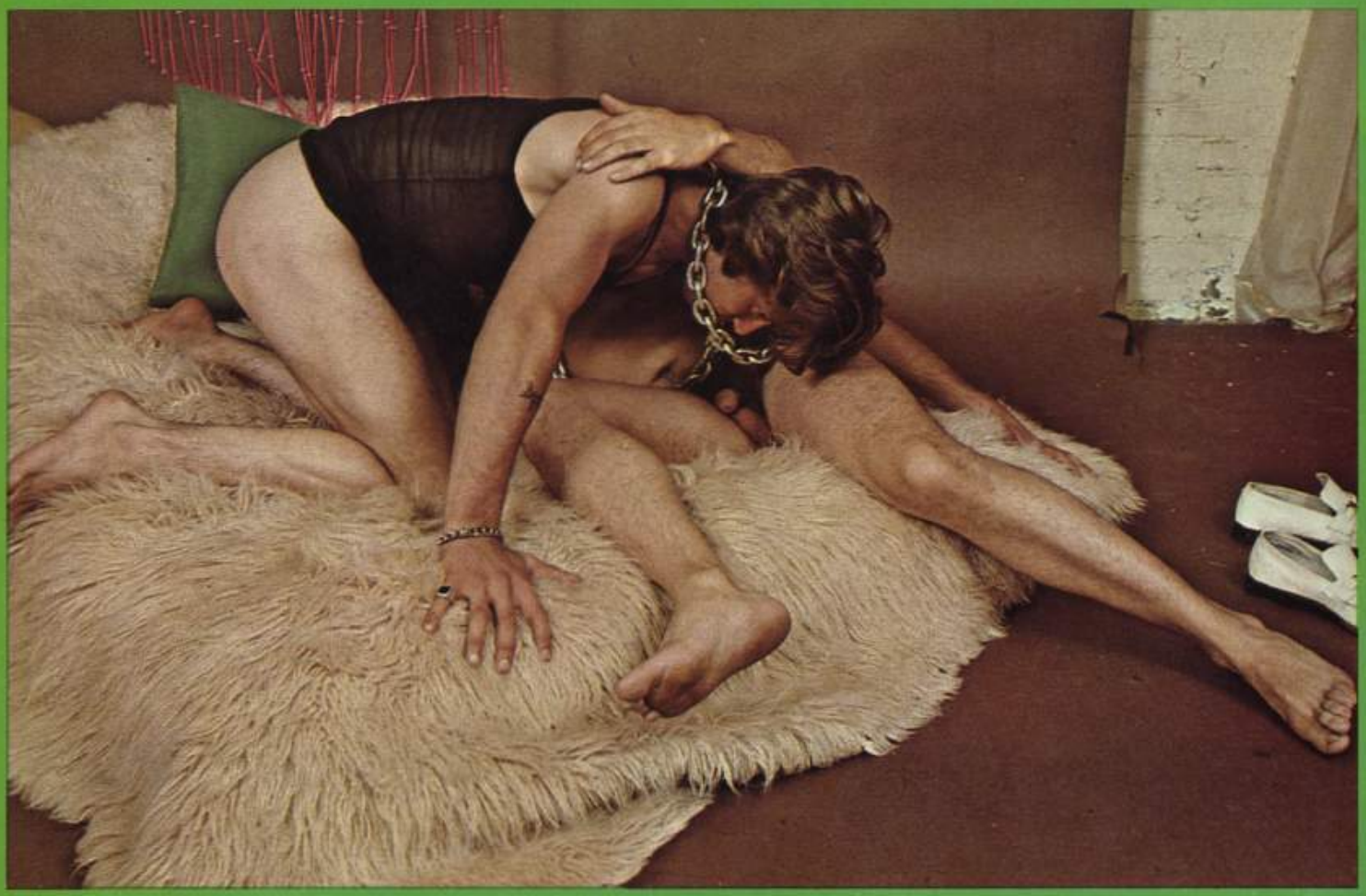
HE WORKS OUT WITH THE WEIGHTS ABOUT FIVE HOURS A DAY, SIX DAYS A WEEK. IT SHOWS, THOSE BICEPS ARE THE KIND THAT WOULD DRAW ADMIRING GLANCES ON ANY BEACH.

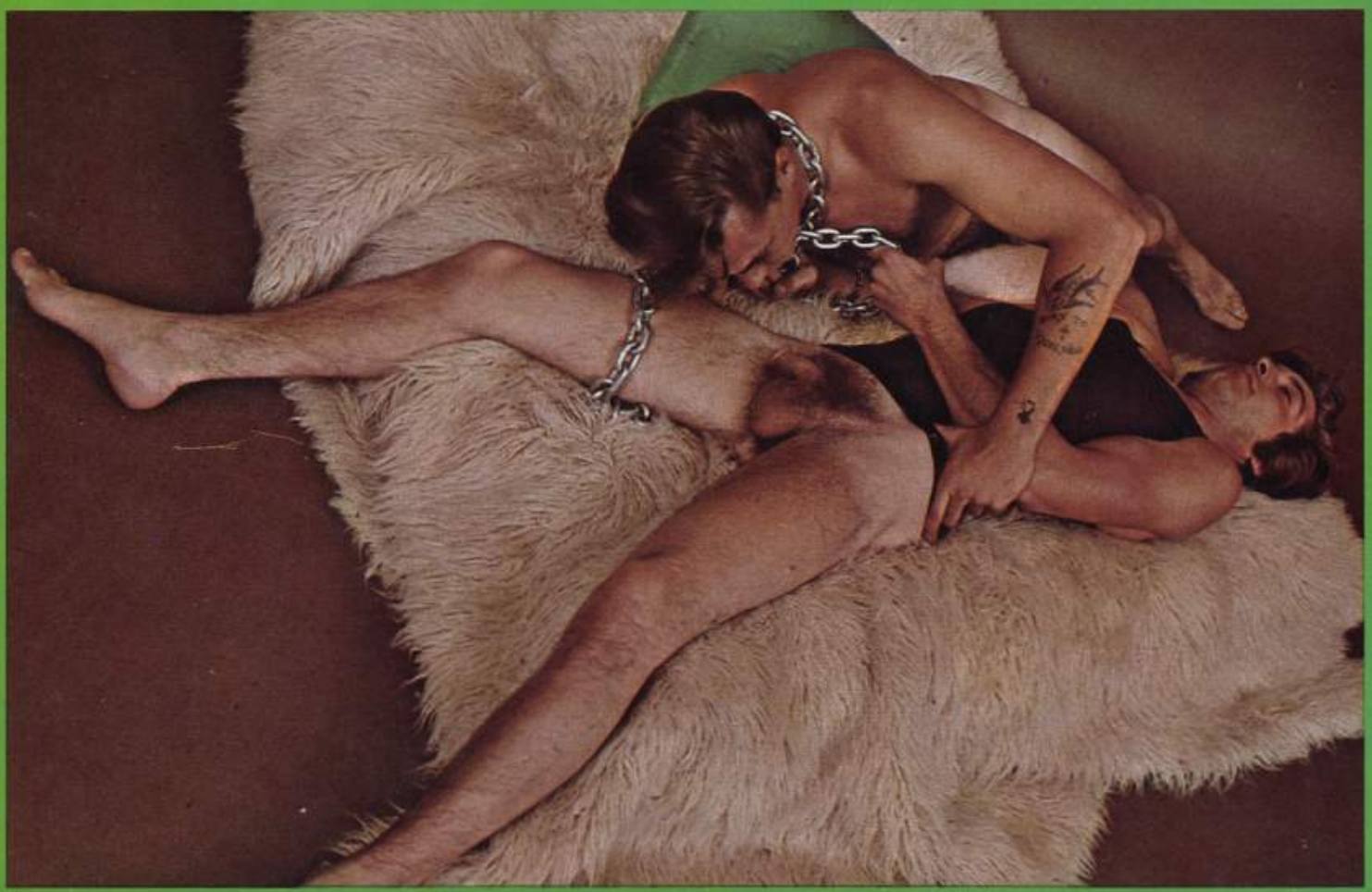
THERE ARE VERY FEW MEN IN THE CIRCLE WITH WHOM WALLACE TRAVELS WHO DON'T GAPE AT HIS MUSCLES AND FEEL STRANGE STIRRINGS WITHIN THEM WHEN HE FLEXES THEM.

WHEN YOU'VE GOT THE BEST PHYSIQUE IN THE GROUP OF MEN WITH WHOM YOU BUDDY AROUND, YOU'VE GOT TO BE POPULAR. WALLACE IS. THAT'S PART OF WHAT HE LIKES ABOUT HAVING THE BUILD.

WALLACE HAS WORKED HARD TO EARN THE FINE BUILD THAT HE HAS. HE DOESN'T MIND THE HARD WORKOUTS, BECAUSE HE REALLY DIGS HAVING THE FINEST BUILD ON THE BEACH.

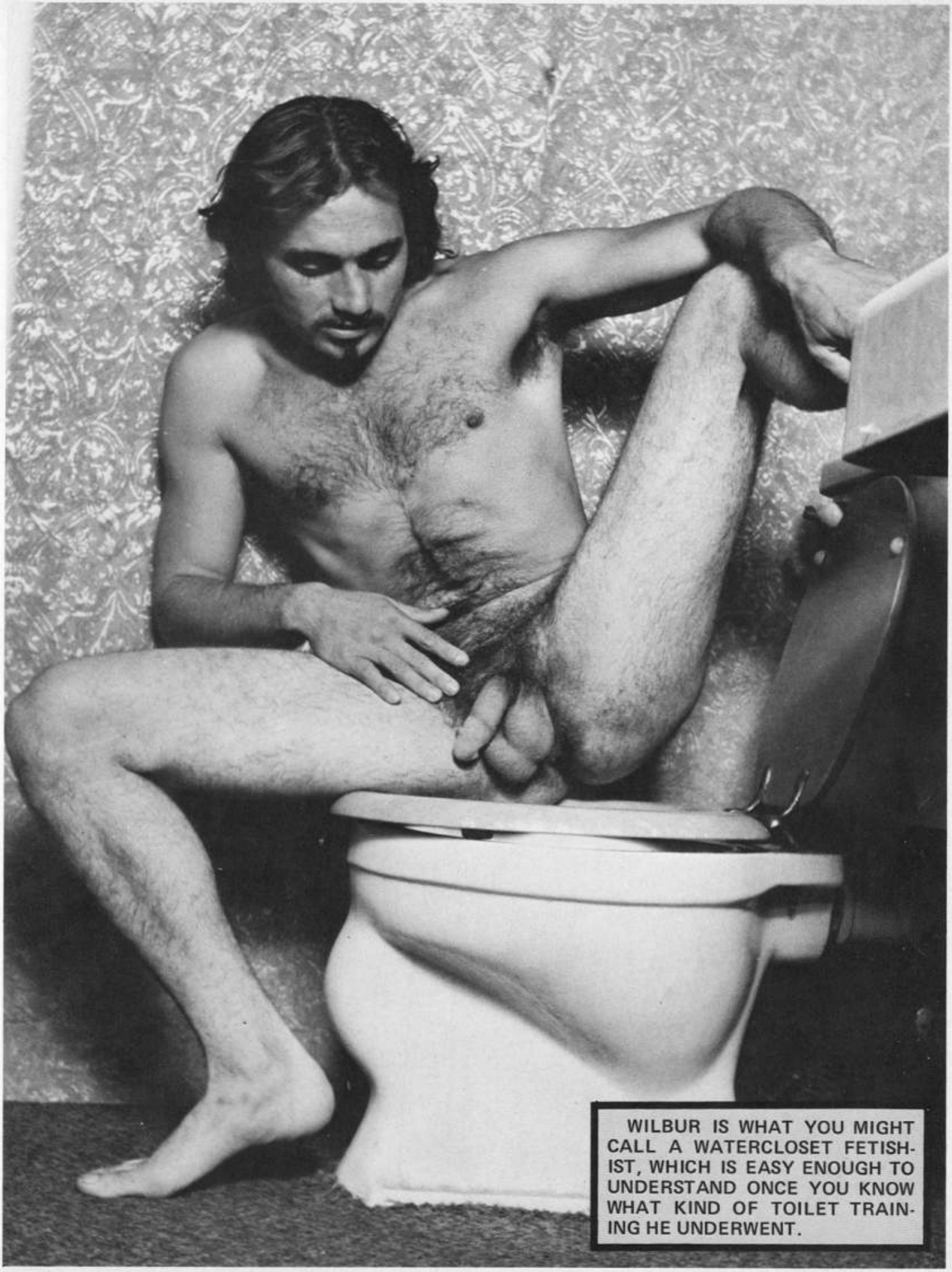
HE'S A HEAVY DUDE, ALL RIGHT. HE'S HEAVY IN EVERY DEPARTMENT THAT COUNTS. HIS WHOLE LIFE MAY BE WRAPPED UP IN HIS BODY, BUT IT'S WHAT HE GETS HIS BODY WRAPPED UP INTO THAT'S IMPORTANT.

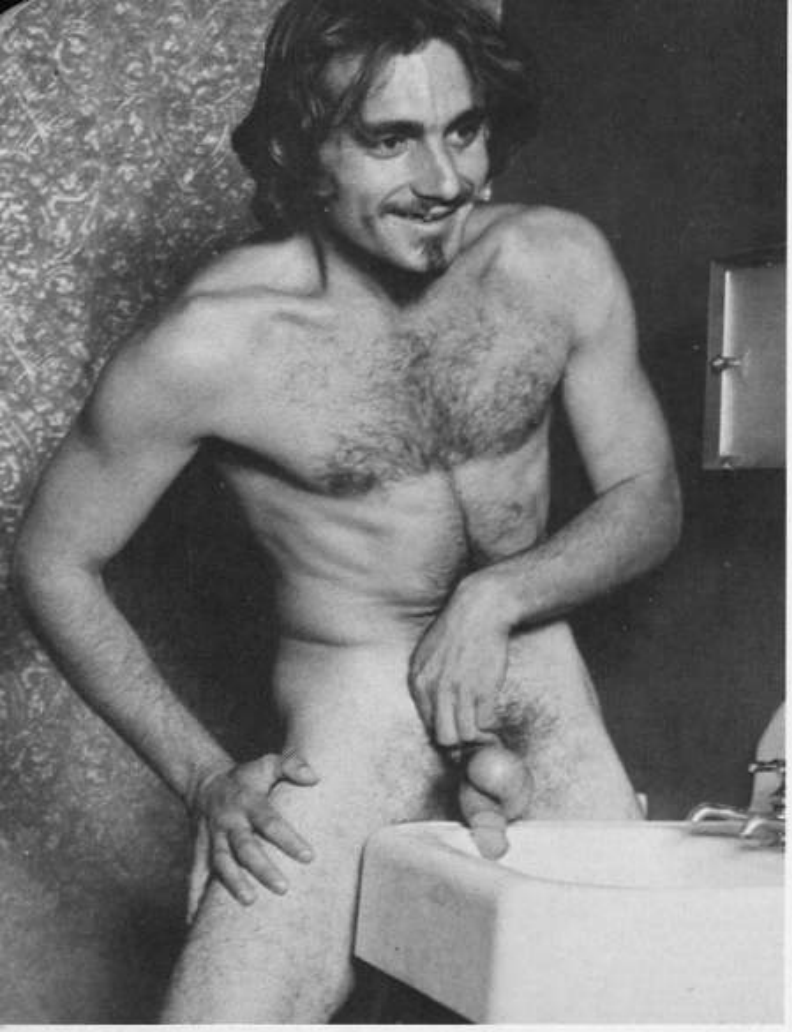


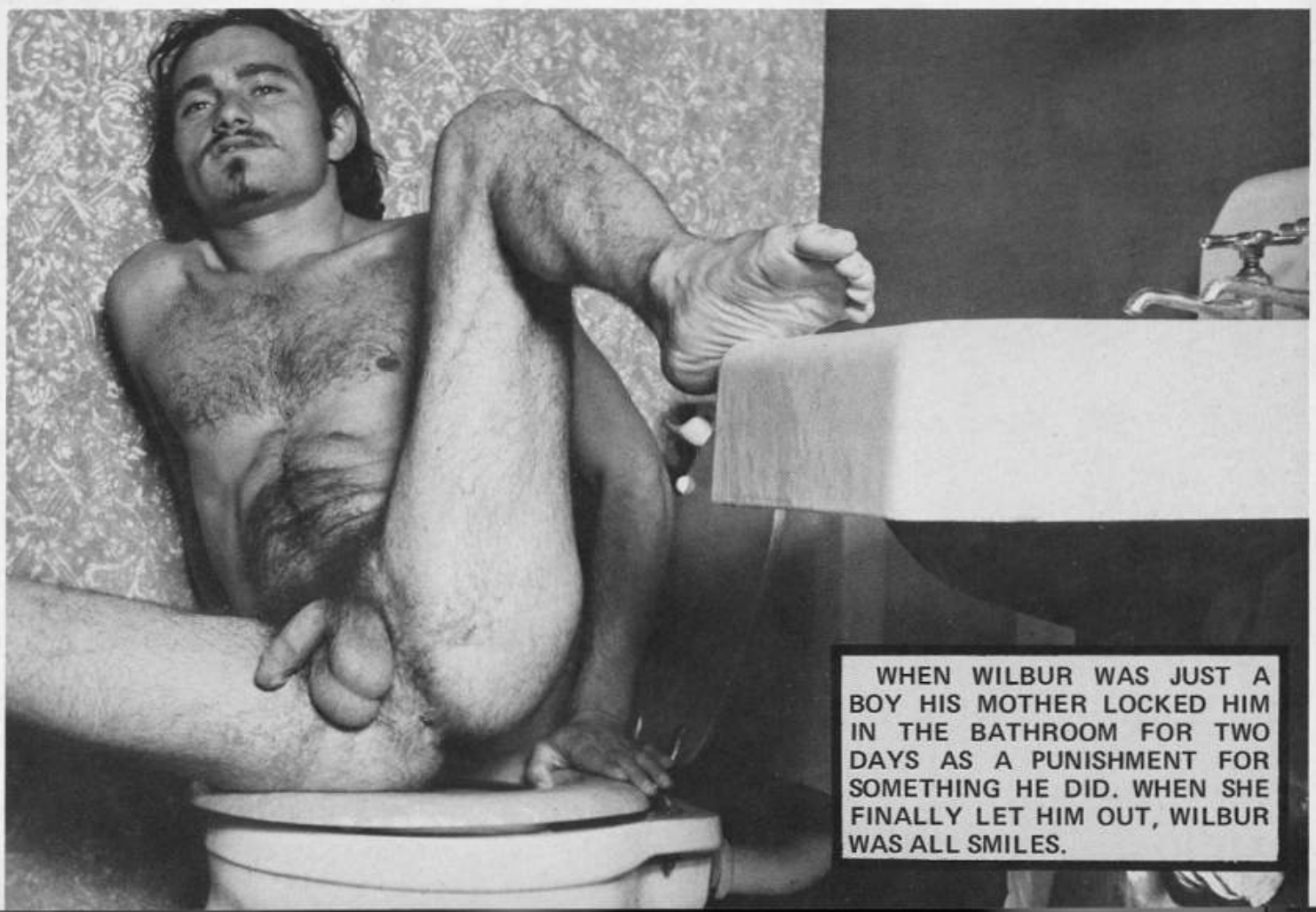


Welcome To Wilber's Watercloset

THERE'S SOMETHING VERY EXCITING ABOUT WILBUR'S BATHROOM—OR WATERCLOSET, AS HE CALLS IT—AND QUITE POSSIBLY THAT EXCITEMENT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH WILBUR HIMSELF.


WILBUR IS WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A WATERCLOSET FETISHIST, WHICH IS EASY ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND ONCE YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF TOILET TRAINING HE UNDERWENT.





WHEN WILBUR WAS JUST A BOY HIS MOTHER LOCKED HIM IN THE BATHROOM FOR TWO DAYS AS A PUNISHMENT FOR SOMETHING HE DID. WHEN SHE FINALLY LET HIM OUT, WILBUR WAS ALL SMILES.

"I THOUGHT SHE WAS *REWARDING* ME," WILBUR SAYS. "I HAD A GOSH DARN GOOD TIME IN THAT OL' WATERCLOSET, AND I WAS SORRY WHEN MY TWO DAYS WERE UP."

WILBUR STILL HANGS AROUND BATHROOMS A LOT TODAY. HE MEETS MOST OF HIS FRIENDS IN THEM, AND, OF COURSE, THE BATHROOM IS WHERE HE HAS THE MOST FUN.
MOST PEOPLE HAVE THEIR WELCOME MATS LAID OUT AT THE THRESHOLD OF THEIR HOUSES OR APARTMENTS. WILBUR HAS TAKEN HIS INSIDE AND LEFT IT IN FRONT OF HIS BATHROOM DOOR.

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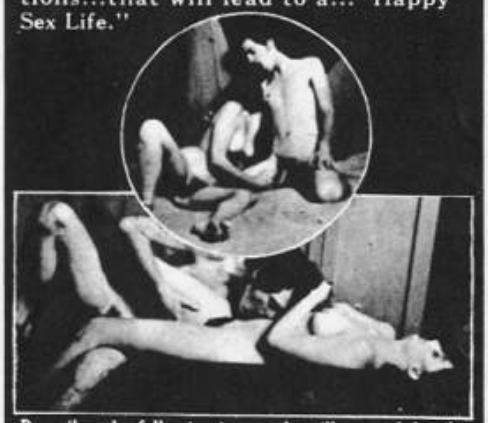

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THE WEIGH-IN

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO THESE TWO BOYS WERE HAVING A HEATED ARGUMENT. ALTHOUGH THINGS ARE STILL QUITE HEATED, THEY'RE OBVIOUSLY NOT ARGUING.

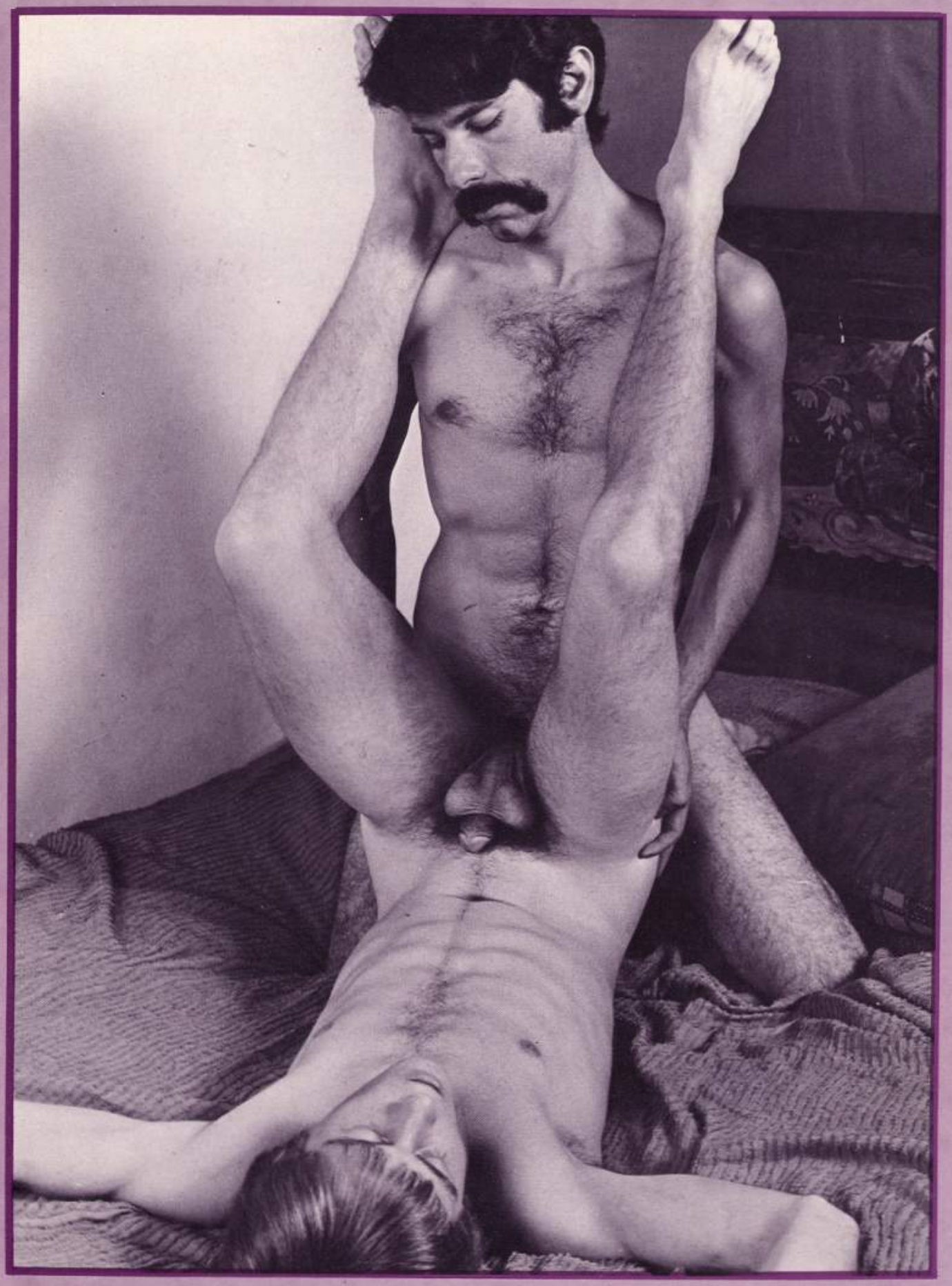
THEY WERE ARGUING ABOUT WHO WEIGHED THE MOST. BOTH BOB AND SAMMY ARE TRACK STARS, AND BEING SLIM AND TRIM IS QUITE IMPORTANT TO THEM, AS YOU MIGHT UNDERSTAND.

OF COURSE, BOB INTRODUCED THE SOLUTION TO THE ARGUMENT WHEN HE BROUGHT IN A SCALE. THINKING HE WAS THE THINNER, HE GALLANTLY STEPPED UP FIRST TO BE WEIGHED.

"I WEIGHED IN AT 145," BOB SAYS. "THEN SAMMY GOT ON THE SCALES AND WEIGHED IN AT 144. WELL, I FIGURED HE MUST HAVE HEAVIER CLOTHES ON THAN I DID, SO I ASKED HIM TO TAKE THEM OFF."

SAMMY DID AS HIS FRIEND SUGGESTED, AND STARK NAKED, STEPPED UP ON THE SCALES. THIS TIME HE WAS 142. BOB GOT UP BEHIND HIM AND WEIGHED IN AT 143.

"AFTER ALL," BOB EXPLAINS, "THINGS ARE BOUND TO HAPPEN BETWEEN TWO NAKED GUYS STANDING ON A SCALE. DID YOU KNOW THAT, TOGETHER, SAMMY AND I WEIGH 285?"



THE TATOOED KID

JERRY MET PAUL IN A BAR LAST NIGHT, AND SOMEHOW THE CONVERSATION GOT AROUND TO TATTOOES. JERRY ASKED PAUL IF HE WOULD LIKE TO SEE SOME OF HIS TATTOOES.

WELL, FROM THE VERY FIRST MOMENT PAUL SAW THIS YOUNG BLOND STUD WALK INTO THE BAR, HE KNEW THERE WAS NO WAY HE COULD SEE ENOUGH OF HIM—SO OF COURSE, HE A-GREED.

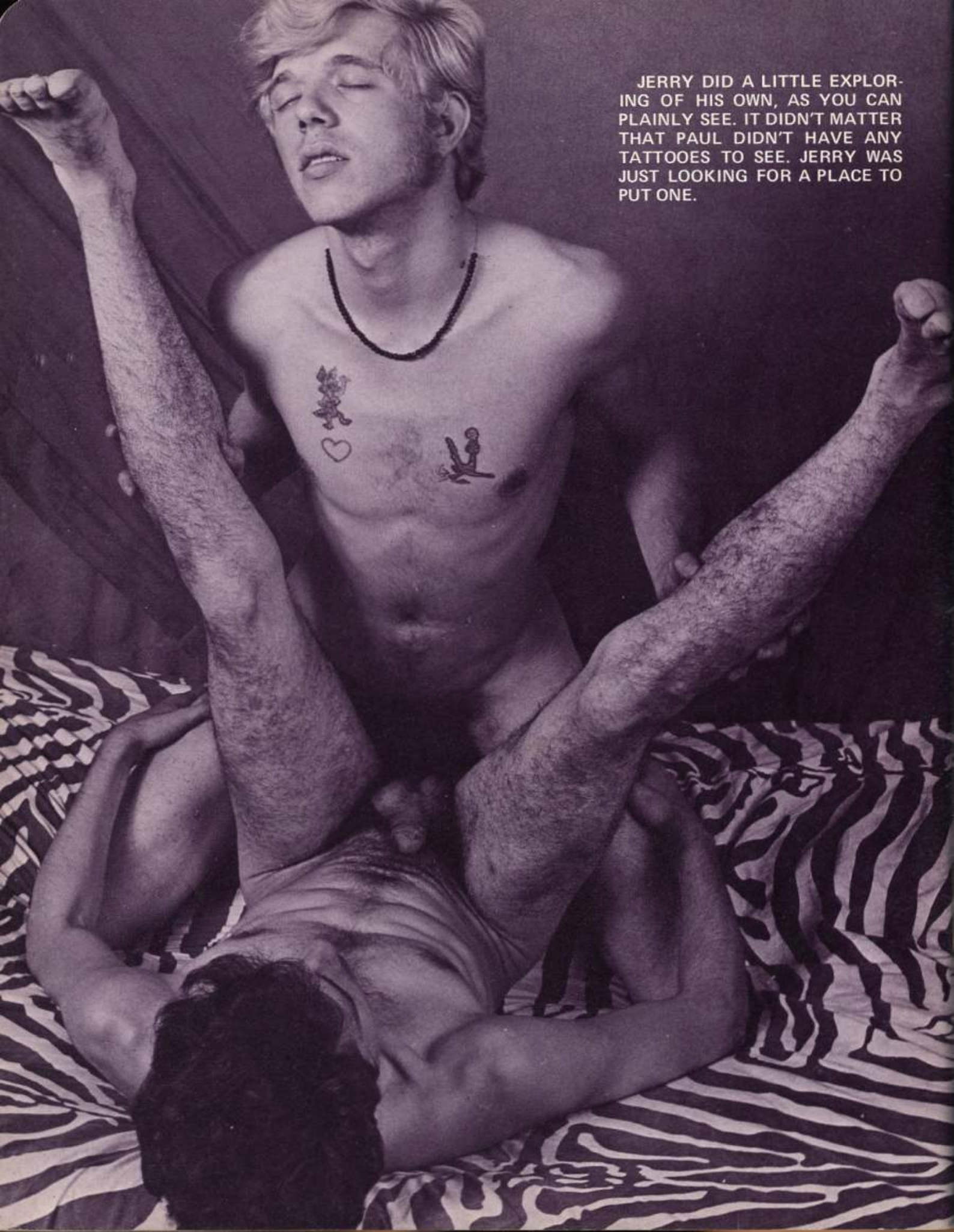
VERY FIRST
THIS YOUNG
INTO THE
RE WAS NO
ENOUGH OF
SE, HE A-

JERRY SAID THAT, FOR DECORUM'S SAKE, THEY OUGHT TO GO UP TO HIS PLACE, SINCE SOME OF HIS TATTOOES WERE LOCATED IN SOME RATHER INTIMATE PLACES.

ONCE THEY WERE SECURE INSIDE JERRY'S PLACE, JERRY DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME DOFFING HIS CLOTHES. HE SEEMED TO BE IN A GREAT HURRY TO SHOW OFF HIS LATEST TATTOOES.

OF COURSE, KNOWING HOW EMBARRASSING IT CAN BE WHEN ONE GUY IS STANDING AROUND NAKED, AND THE OTHER GUY IS FULLY CLOTHED, PAUL OBLIGINGLY TOOK HIS CLOTHES OFF, TOO.

"THEN CAME THE MOST FANTASTIC EXPLORATION I HAVE EVER BEEN A PART OF," PAUL SAYS, "THE EXPLORATION OF THE TATTOOED KID. AND WHAT A GAS IT WAS!"



JERRY DID A LITTLE EXPLORING OF HIS OWN, AS YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE. IT DIDN'T MATTER THAT PAUL DIDN'T HAVE ANY TATTOOES TO SEE. JERRY WAS JUST LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO PUT ONE.

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NOT FOR
SALE TO
MINORS